

Special Features This Issue

Sailing to the Dry Tortugas

Solitary Canoeing in the Everglades

Hurricane Danny Clears the Way

Havasu Pocket Cruisers' Convention

Just What is a Cruising Dinghy?



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 30 – Number 1

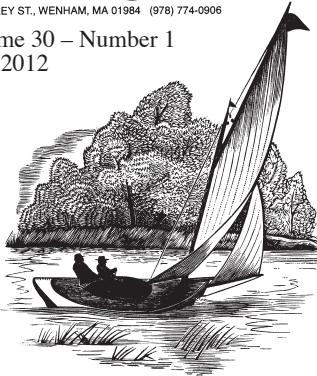
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messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Here we go, starting off into the 30th year of the ongoing saga of *Messing About in Boats*. Despite this being our 647th issue (I had to go back and count them), the thrill has yet to disappear. Well, maybe not so much is it a thrill anymore, but certainly an ongoing rewarding source of satisfaction doing something so enjoyable that still brings in enough money to fend off any notions of retirement. Sure I have other interests in my life with which to fill up retirement days, but the sense of purpose *MAIB* provides would be missing and life would become totally an exercise in self indulgence. I still have this feeling of wishing to have a purpose in my life beyond catering to my own personal needs. *MAIB* fulfills this purpose, bringing to all of you this ongoing chronicling of what so many of us find rewarding in messing about in boats, told in your own words.

Harking back to Volume 1 Number 1, May 1, 1983, requires quite a giant step down Memory Lane to when I was only 53 and had decided to start over again in what I had been doing (magazine editing and publishing), but in a different field of interest. In the early '80s small boats had caught my interest as the charms of 35 years of motorcycling (24 of them editing and publishing my own magazines) were fading. Here was a new field concerned with ever so many fascinating small boats and the equally fascinating people who indulged in them.

Returning from a meeting of the TSCA Council at Mystic Seaport in late winter of 1983, having decided to not take on the volunteer post as editor of the *Ash Breeze* (the journal of the TSCA), I had in hand a mockup issue of the *Ash Breeze* with which I intended to show the Council how I would propose to produce that journal were I to be accepted as the new editor. I was looking for something to do (having just sold my motorcycling magazine) and I thought that this opening (despite being unpaid) might keep me occupied for a while. Due to proceedings which took place at that meeting which I found unattractive, I never did show them my proposal.

Now I felt I ought to do something with that mockup effort, so launching my own magazine came to mind. I had no idea at the time if it would float but why not give it a try? Now here we are 29 years later still at it. There has to be something of value in it to keep it going all these years.

That something of value is the content, which is comprised mostly of reader contributions, which provide insights into all the

multifarious attractions of this pursuit. Those of you who share with all of us your stories add a depth of understanding way beyond the range of commercial publications with their built-in need to hustle goods and services via the advertising that keeps them solvent. My apologies to all the professional writers out there who write about boating, but you cannot reproduce the range of human experience that hundreds of readers can present for our enjoyment and edification.

A small case in point is this issue's cover. I feel confident that only *MAIB* would put a photo of a reader's mother at play with (very) small boats on a cover. I loved it and what it implied about the importance of small boats in that reader's lifetime.

Now that I know that the effort begun so long ago is likely to survive, and how satisfying it is to make it happen, we can keep happily sailing (rowing/paddling?) along. There's something very comfortable about "just another day at the office" here, everything we need at hand where it has been for so long, that comfortable "old shoe" concept.

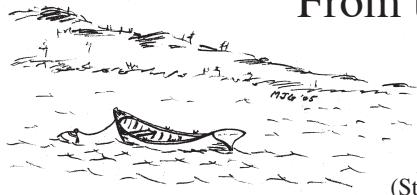
What's new every day is what might turn up here in the mail or email for new content for the upcoming issue. I don't have to wonder about what ought to appear in the next issue, I just have to organize an interesting mix of articles from amongst your contributions. If we do run short (sometimes) I delve into the old time nautical material in the archives or reprint items I feel you'd like to see from other small publications with whom we exchange issues.

Yes, I'll be back out on the water again this year, again paddling backwaters with friend Charlie in our kayaks. Ever on the lookout for new experiences we have determined this year that we wish to poke further into those secluded marshes and side streams we've passed by on the larger streams and lakes we paddle. To that end I am reconditioning one of the Cockleshell 10' kayaks I built in 1987 from doorskin plywood, epoxy and fiberglass (a second one, the prototype, is in bad shape now). Charlie already has a 10' Heritage given to us some 15 years ago by that firm (since absorbed by Wilderness Systems, I believe). Our present 14' kayaks are just too long for those tight spots meandering amongst the marsh grasses and on little streamlets.

I've always felt my boating has been along the lines of modest adventuring and, yeah, I know that this latest is even more modest in scale. But it is still very much messing about in boats.

On the Cover...

Reader Burt Van Deusen sent us this month's cover photo with the following remarks: "This is an old photo (late '40s?) of my mom playing in a stream near Reno, Nevada, with our family fleet of homemade boats." Burt details how this led to his lifetime of involvement with small boats in a letter on Page 5.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Christmas once again and the twilit dawn reveals frost. The houseful of family about me revels in slumber. The pusslets are outside, worshipping at the bird feeder. At least there is nothing hypocritical about their devotions: a more simplistic creed cannot be imagined.

Went to the lobster pound yesterday with Ethan and Marya and found eight lobsters eager for martyrdom. "Heaven awaits," we told them, and they jumped in the back of my truck and refused to come out. A quick and delicious death awaits us all.

After that, we drove to the boatyard and visited with *MoonWind*, sulking in her slip. All alone at the end of the pier behind our empty shop, she wondered at her isolation. The electricity to Pier 'A' and the shop has been turned off, preparatory to demolishing our old building.

I started the motor and prepared to move her to a vacant slip, over on Pier 'B.' The wind was out of the west, so we warped *MoonWind* downwind across the double slip and eased her toward the channel. I backed her into the stream and motored slowly to her new berth. But I hadn't noticed the spring line someone had left attached to the cleats. Perhaps this dock has a tenant. Just to be sure, I backed her out a second time. This time was even easier, as the wind was totally blocked by a larger sloop with a heavy, canvas enclosure.

I found a slip at Pier 'C' and settled in. Adjusted the lines and fenders, squared her away, tucked her in, wished her a Merry Christmas, and departed.

Ethan revealed an idea he had of spending summers aboard a sloop with his family. With a wireless internet connection, he can work anywhere. As Alicia teaches, she has the summers off. They poked around a few boats. She didn't think she could manage on anything less than a thirty-three footer. Anything they could afford would require extensive work. It can be daunting to undertake such projects when you haven't any experience.

I suggested he spend an occasional week aboard *MoonWind*, learning the ropes. He thought that would prove a reasonable compromise for the present, though he and his wife are too tall for *MoonWind's* cabin. Nonetheless, he needs to practice messing about with anchoring, docking, maneuvering in tight spaces. On blowy days, handling boats can be tricky, and single handing in adverse conditions demands one's utmost attention. All the expedients of warping need be considered, and forethought, lines and fenders, and allowance for set and drift all factored in. One doesn't make friends by bouncing off other boats.

Though it wasn't that windy, I appreciated having extra hands while moving *MoonWind*. Getting both bow and stern secured before the wind can swing them about takes not only forethought, but perfect execution. One may need to leap to the pier and secure two lines within seconds. One mustn't approach the slip too quickly. The moments spent in backing down are moments the wind can shove the boat around. One mustn't approach the slip too slowly, either, for just the same reason. It is necessary to point into the wind whenever possible; when it's blowy, one may want to back into the wind. In either case, allow for drift as soon as heading off. As with most undertakings of significance, timing is everything.

Winter is arrived but continues unseasonably mild. I need to go sailing before it reverts to normal. Sitting before the fire induces dreams. Riding the wind is reward for being alive.



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Activities & Events...

32nd Urbanna Small Craft Meet

On May 19-20, small craft enthusiasts gather again for the 32nd Urbanna Small Boat Meet, held on the shores of the Piankatank River in Freeport, Virginia. This family event was originally held on Urbanna Creek as a gathering of traditional small boats from the local area and around the state, hence the name. Participants bring their rowing, sailing and paddling craft to join in a relaxed messabout, with informal races that depend mostly on the wind and whim. Participants are on the water Saturday morning through mid-afternoon Sunday. Saturday night there is a potluck supper and bring your own barbecue. Pre-registration is not required, anyone wishing to stop by is welcome with or without a boat. Limited primitive camping is available. Please call Vera or John England at (804) 758-2721 for more information.

Clearwater's Festival 2012

Clearwater's Festival (Great Hudson River Revival) will take place at Croton Point Park, Westchester County, New York, June 16-17. This year the festival continues spectacular celebrations of solar powered stages, diverse performance arts, crafts, environmental exhibits, food and Working Waterfront. The focus is the Hudson River. Working Waterfront is an ongoing feature of the Revival. We are planning many activities to get people on the water in small boats. Clearwater, founded on the water, wants to make festival attendees aware of our roots.

Working Waterfront expects to present representative vessels for visits and use. These boats are traditional and contemporary vessels, all active in historical, recreational or commercial service. The boats and the grand sloop *Clearwater* will be on the Hudson River, some with scheduled sails.

A fleet of small boats will be available in which to messabout, a major Waterfront feature that gives owners, builders and users of small boats a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. The public attending our festival will be invited to join, in boats, on the water. The intimacy of being on the water and working or playing with small boats draws people into a natural environmental advocacy.

If you desire to participate on the water with your boat or with an onshore boat oriented demonstration, contact us.

Stan Dickstein, (845) 462-3113, dickstein@verizon.net or Eric Russell, (917) 446-5414. Working Waterfront, Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater*, (845) 265-8080. To volunteer for the Festival, volcoord@clearwater.org

WindRiders at Second WOW Rally

America's Cup will be holding the final leg of their touring AC World Series in New-

port June 23-July 1. We plan to join them with our own WindRider Owners' Week Rally. We will meet during the week as we know Newport will be very crowded. Fort Adams is our current planned meeting spot where they have a boat launch.

Tentatively block off these dates to please join us and take a test sail in the Wind Rider 17. Watch our website for more information: www.windrider.com

Traditional Paddle Making

The Adirondack Museum located at Blue Mountain Lake, New York, will once again be hosting Traditional Paddle Making workshops during the 2012 summer season. We think that these workshops will be of great interest to the readers of *Messing About in Boats*.

Workshops are led by craftsman Caleb Davis. Choose from a single or double blade cherry paddle. Participants will leave with a shaped paddle, finishing to be completed at home. Please note this is a physically demanding workshop. Space is limited, pre-registration is required. Dates: July 6, July 13, July 20, July 27, August 3, August 24, and August 31 (10am-5pm).

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mt Lake, NY, adkmuseum.com

Designs...

A Very Pretty Bristol 30



At the Essex (Massachusetts) Shipbuilding Museum we have taken in a very pretty Bristol 30. As a historical shipbuilding museum, we are always interested in the historical context of each vessel that comes our way. The Bristol Owner's Association home website page offers this description: "When fiberglass boats with traditional lines first emerged, they took the world by storm. They offered additional interior volume because there wasn't the need for frames, sub-frames and stringers. Instead, the interior was built right against the hull. This is why the brochures may list these vessels as spacious, which they were in the '60s and '70s."

The Bristol 30 was designed by Halsey Herreshoff. One hundred and seventy-four Bristol 30s were built by Bristol Yachts from 1968 until 1978. Our Bristol was built in 1971. She was designed to be an exceptional stable cruiser, built for comfort and cruising. She feels larger under sail than she actually is. The original Bristol marketing brochure enthusiastically quipped, "The new

Bristol 30 has so much youthful pizzazz, we find ourselves calling her the Bristol "Under 30." She slashes through water with a clean, steady cut. No bobbing all over. Everything on her works all together to make this taut racer as stiff sailing as they come. Halsey designed the 30 with an extra long keel (rudder attached) to give exceptional balance and response. No more oversteer or fighting the helm as in spade rudder configurations. And the '30s hollow waterline add that much more go."

She is quite stable under sail and, although the brochure copy says "slashes," I would classify her as a cruiser, not a racer. This model was available either with a keel or centerboard in either standard or dinette arrangements. Our Bristol 30 has a spacious standard interior and a full keel. I sailed with the owner in quite a stiff breeze off Beverly, Massachusetts, in the fall and she drove to weather like she was on railroad tracks.

The original Bristol 30 was powered by a 30hp Universal Atomic 4 gasoline engine, but our Bristol has had a Yanmar Diesel professionally installed in 2005. It has very low hours. It was donated to the Museum by a wonderful man who took great pride and care of the vessel with the hope that we will sell it to a younger person who will enjoy "messing about in it" as much as he did. The proceeds we receive from the sale of this vessel will allow us to continue the mission of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum to preserve and interpret the great history of the Essex-built schooner. The price: \$8,200.

Designer: Halsey C. Herreshoff

LOA: 30'

LWL: 22'8"

Displacement: 8,400 lbs

Draft: (Centerboard) 3'4"

Beam: 9' 2"

Ballast: 3,450 lbs (internal lead)

Sleeping capacity: 5

Sail Area: 402sf

CCA Rating: 24.4 est.

Barry O'Brien, Gloucester, Massachusetts

A Catboat for an Octogenarian

A few months ago, when I wrote to you wondering whether an octogenarian should swallow the anchor, you published my letter. I received several letters suggesting one boat or another that might be ideal, so I just kept "looking around." Then last summer, a day or so before Hurricane Irene, I found her, a 19' catboat! I can maneuver my semi-stiff frame about in her pretty well and she seems to be an excellent single hander.

Everything leads to the cockpit, and with a simple arrangement I can even handle all the anchoring operations from the cockpit as well; I use a simple gizmo made out of a shackle and a line. The gizmo is actually, in seaman's parlance, a lizard. It may also be called a pennant or a whip, the bitter end of which is kept in the cockpit. The shackle is placed on the rode between the anchor itself and the roller; the rode slides through it. That way the anchor can be kept handily in the cockpit, tossed overboard when

wanted, letting the gizmo ride loosely on the rode; then when I want to get underway I raise the anchor as normally, but pull on the gizmo when the anchor is close to the surface, directing the now-raised anchor toward its cockpit home, ready for another use.

The only physical effort that requires an excursion from the cockpit is picking up a mooring buoy; of course, it can be picked up from the cockpit but will need to be made fast on the foc'sle. Therefore, I vow never to use a mooring buoy unless I must, that is unless I (or somebody) can come up with a method of remotely securing the mooring buoy to the bow chock or roller.

Joseph Res, Waban, MA

Opinions...

A Boating Safety Paradigm for Our Times

Ah, spring! The time of year when the champions of the nanny state come out of hibernation to warn the rest of us boaters about the dangers of not wearing our PFDs, indulging in drink and ignoring regulations designed to protect pleasure boaters from themselves. Of course, those of us with a modicum of common sense and basic competence as boatmen know that these regulations are for the most part so much nonsense designed to rake in revenues for the state and endow law enforcement with more powers to harass and control citizens, many of whom seem to crave this type of attention these days.

In Canada, where I live, the Federal Government has mandated that operators of watercraft fitted with a motor must carry a "proof of competence" or license document, officially known as a Pleasure Craft Operator Card (PCOC), usually acquired through an online examination process or by taking a classroom course through a provider such as the Canadian Power and Sail Squadron. The very notion that taking a multiple choice exam (no matter how the training is delivered!) and then obtaining a PCOC will somehow make us "safer" on the water is ludicrous in the extreme.

Everybody knows that there is no better teacher than experience, and that the boating public is best served when people acquire practical seamanship skills at a young age. Yet, in their infinite wisdom, the Canadian Office of Boating Safety bureaucrats have created a law which hinders parents from providing hands-on training to their children (the current law prohibits unlicensed people from operating a vessel fitted with any type of motorized propulsion unit, regardless of whether or not the motor is running). This means that an eight-year-old child sitting on her daddy's lap and learning to helm the family cruiser under sail is breaking the law. I asked the Director of the Office of Boating Safety, who confirmed this fact.

While no responsible person would argue against the notion that operating a boat while inebriated is a public hazard that needs to be addressed, applying an alcohol blood level criterion designed for motorists on public roadways, where speeds are high and error margins can be measured in mere inches, is rather extreme in the context of operating a sailing dinghy which chuckles along at a slower speed than the average person can run, and this on a vast open plain where there is little chance of colliding with anything. Yet this is now law in Canada. Remember, just having one beer on

the beach and then going out in your dinghy may result in a suspension of your car driver's license and a nightmare of fines, court appearances, possible jail time, insurance rate hikes, etc. Does anybody seriously believe that having a beer would cause a person to transmogrify into a waterborne menace?

On the matter of PFDs, I am weary of meddlesome folk trying to force the rest of us into wearing these things at all times. These people like to defend their position on the basis of the annual toll of boating related drownings (23 deaths in 2010 in Ontario). In that particular year, 22 of the drowning victims were not wearing PFDs. I would be very surprised if it were otherwise and, in fact, am astonished that even one person drowned wearing a PFD.

Other studies have shown that more than 80% of boaters choose to not wear PFDs for a variety of reasons; confidence, comfort, heat and personal expression. The inference that failure to wear PFDs causes drowning is rather spurious and flies in the face of the real world fact that the overwhelming majority of boaters (most of whom have doubtless fallen into the water at some point) do not drown. Given the large number of boats zinging around on our lakes and rivers, these statistics suggest that boating is really a very safe activity.

I submit that focusing only on the statistics ignores the root cause of these drownings, which is simply a reflection of the drowning victim's personal incompetence in the watery realm. Anybody who drowns in a canoe capsized 50 meters from the shoreline of a small lake in July (a tragic scenario we have all read about in the newspapers) obviously cannot handle being in any depth of water and has no business getting into a frail craft in the first place, or should at least recognize their limitations and know enough to don a PFD. But that has nothing to do with me, and no one has any business moralizing about how I should behave on the basis of someone else's misfortune. As an experienced boatman I am competent to judge when I need to don my PFD, and as a sovereign being I reserve the right to manage my personal safety.

The role of government is to protect us from the negligence of others, not to protect us from ourselves. Saddling citizens with

myriad regulations backed by stiff financial penalties to control behaviour will hardly foster the development of common sense and wisdom, those elusive life-preserving attributes which are sadly lacking in our rules-oriented times. To quote Barry Schwartz: "Moral skills are chipped away by rules. Procedures are a way to avoid thinking; they also demonstrate a lack of trust in individuals, in society. This leads to mediocrity."

Huzzah for the rugged individualist!
Burton Blais, Kemptville, ON

About the Cover...

The cover photo is an old photo (late 40s?) of my mom playing in a stream near Reno, Nevada, with our family fleet of homemade boats.

Our mom and dad did an act together: Van and Arrvola. They traveled towing a trailer all over the country doing nightclubs and theater venues from about 1939 to 1954, with a four year break for WWII. Their act was comedy, music and tap dance. It was during their wanderings that "The Fleet" was collected. Made from scrap wood picked up along the way, it is now gone except for the photos. We heard of other fleets that acts had inspired by Van and Arrvola's. They were talked about at beach gatherings and dinners with family and friends.

Messin' about in boats, was a diversion that followed our parents long after show business and into later life. Both were active members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, Mom was a section commodore in central Florida. She taught an estimated 30,000 children Boating Safety and the Auxiliary adapted her curriculum for other section programs. Our pop was a relief navigator on cruise ships for over 20 years. My mom was a purser in charge of cruise ship gift shops. Growing up, there was always a small boat in the yard... nothing grand, but they floated an adventure.

Mom and Dad are gone now. More than half of the hundreds of photos my brother and I have gone through have something to do with boats. I guess that is where we caught it from: Boat Fever!

Burt and Bill Van Deusen,

Handy Billy 21

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NORTH WOODS WAYS



25 Years Ago in MAIB

From North Woods Ways brochure.

Paul Reagan's call inviting us to visit him at Shaw & Tenney in Orono, ME, mentioned meeting some interesting people there. Well, he was right. We got to meet Rob Perkins, who will be solo paddling the Back River across the Canadian Northwest Territories this coming summer, Alexandra Conover, who with her husband Garrett, operates Northwoods Ways, a Maine guide canoeing expedition outfit, and renewed our acquaintance with Rollin Thurlow, who restores antique canoes at his Northwoods Canoe Shop, and, with the Conovers and nearby canoe builder Jerry Stelmok, is behind something known as the Northwoods Arts Center. Very heavy on canoeing, this trip. Not surprising, since Orono seems to be right in the heart of traditional wood/canvas canoe building and restoring in Maine.

Paul's purpose in bringing us all together was social. Rob was coming up from Cambridge, MA, to talk about some paddles for his expedition and Paul felt Alexandra, Garrett and Rollin would find him an interesting sort of person. And Paul thought I would find them ALL interesting sorts of persons. We had a pleasant afternoon and evening at the Reagan's, and on the following morning, we went on over to nearby Atkinson, ME, (an hour's drive away is nearby in central Maine) to visit Rollin and the Conovers. There's a lot of messing about in boats going on in these Maine woods.

SHAW & TENNEY



Paul and Helen Reagan bought the old Shaw & Tenney paddle and oar making firm of Orono, Maine, several years ago in an escape from the pressures of life in urban industry. Paul was employed in management at a firm in Attleboro, MA, in the greater Providence, RI, metropolitan area. He came to feel it was time to get out. He left for Maine, and on a later visit to his former employer to settle up some leftover business matters, he was surprised when the coffee break buzzer went off in the office, and he automatically jumped up and headed for the cafeteria. "That really told me how far I'd been buried in that life," Paul said to me when he related the anecdote.

The Reagans looked at several Maine businesses, found through business brokers and advertisements in business trade publications. Restaurants, stores, that kind of thing. Nothing really grabbed them. Then Shaw & Tenney turned up and they fell for it. An old line family firm engaged for about 120 years in making canoe paddles and rowing oars for the local river oriented boat trade had fallen on hard times. Only a daughter of one of the founders was left and she'd had little luck in finding the right management to keep it going. Things went downhill. She found a buyer, but within a couple of years, that went bad too, and here it was on the market again. After some deliberation, the Reagans decided to make an offer.

But, someone had beaten them to it, and so they had to abandon their find and go looking again for something. Several months passed with nothing that attracted them as had this old time woodworking shop. Paul had done woodworking at the home furniture making level, but was otherwise totally inexperienced in the trade and knew nothing about paddles and oars from the production standpoint. Still he was drawn to this firm. Then they received a call, it seemed the buyer who got there first was now unable to go through with the deal, and so, at last, the Reagans came into possession of Shaw & Tenney.

They had a lot of rebuilding to do. I asked Paul if the old Maine craftsman at work in his advertising was still with him today? No, that gentleman had retired now, but lived nearby. Today, Paul's Maine craftsmen are young Maine craftsmen with a love for the sort of woodworking these products require. Paul and Helen have five full and part time employees, including their youngest son, at work in the funky old buildings by the railroad tracks where the Stillwater River joins the Penobscot River in downtown Orono, Maine. It was so nice to discover a building so appropriate to the product, and not some all new Butler building of steel and aluminum.

Making oars and paddles, and related items like canoe seats, is a production process at Shaw & Tenney's level, but with a lot of hand-work involved, freehand work. Not laboriously handcrafted by solo artisans in northwoods cabins, but not cranked out on automatic machinery either. There's a lot of sawing and sanding involved, some laminating, much varnishing, and quite a lot of wrapping up of the finished product. Paul feels they are right at the point where the hand crafted and mass produced intersect, with elements of both involved.

A chosen run of oars, for example, begins with a pencil layout from a stock pattern on a rough sawn board of appropriate wood, ash, spruce, etc. The outline is bandsawed out. This shaped slab then is chucked in a lathe and the handle is turned to size and shape, including the smaller grip, using pre-shaped cutters to get the shape without fussy measuring. Then the blade area is slabbed to thickness on a menacing buzzsaw, all out there in the open. Very intimidating machine in operation. Where's OSHA? "They're more concerned with things like a jointer that do not appear to be dangerous, but can easily take off the end of a finger," Paul explained. The saw appeared to be VERY dangerous.

This roughed out oar then goes through several sanding oper-

ations on big drum sanders with successively finer grit paper, and then final fine hand sanding of spots in need.

Upstairs, away from much of the sanding dust (big blowers suck away most of this right off the machines) the oars get varnished. Shaw & Tenney gets a pretty nice looking plate glass finish in this simple room where the oars (and paddles) are first sealed with lacquer and then varnished with varnish used for outdoor bleacher seats, all by hand. Paul even does job varnishing for some other firms making rowing shell parts. Even without a dust-free "clean room". Paul just shrugs, they don't seem to be troubled with dust specks in the finish.

And that wrapping? Yes. Most Shaw & Tenney products go out mail order, by UPS or mail. Here's where things can get banged up. The oar is wrapped in cellular plastic wrap first, the handle is boxed in a long square tube of corrugated cardboard, then more cardboard is folded over the blade and taped to the handle box. Only recently has Shaw & Tenney gone for

custom made cardboard containers, they've been collecting all the appliance cartons around town they could so far.

The shop is much like the wooden boat shops I happen to find pleasant. Strong smell of wood, lots of wooden products piled about in process, the usual clutter around the edges, no fancy interior decor. The old wooden building (old! It's younger than I am!) was built there in 1939 by the town for Shaw & Tenney when they moved the firm from its original quarters to make way for a new bridge. Now what was once a small office attached building is the Shaw & Tenney "store" where a mixed bag of products can be purchased, usually seconds and such, at bargain prices.

The oar and paddle business moves on with momentum, as does side custom work, like small paddles bought by the gross by L.L. Bean. Paul Reagan is looking ahead for new products appropriate to his woodworking facility, and his eye is now on a drop-in sliding seat rowing rig for canoes. He had a nicely preserved old Old Town

version dropped by that firm many years ago due to high cost and low demand. Paul has the okay to build it if he wants. He's working out the numbers right now. "We're getting more and more inquiries about such a rig for canoes," Paul says. Hence his interest.

So, the old Maine craftsman pictured in the Shaw & Tenney ads isn't there anymore. But the atmosphere endures, that of a production facility of yesteryear, building "hand crafted" products with considerable help from machinery of a pretty basic, but effective, sort. Paul says the crew he has is a happy one that works well together and takes pride in the product. And Paul and Helen both say they've absolutely no regrets about their move way down Maine and back in time to this fascinating business of making paddles and oars and other traditional gear for canoeists and oarsmen. Shaw & Tenney is a 125 year old name that's endured into the modern era and still finds a demand for its traditionally made goods. Shaw & Tenney, Box 213, Orono, ME 04473.

Top left, Paul Reagan talks about slabbing off excess wood from oar blanks. Top right, this sign came with the shop, letters still come addressed this way. Bottom left, oar blanks ready for rough sanding. Bottom center, finishing off a paddle on the drum sander. Bottom right, this one didn't make it out of the shop.



In Memoriam...

On Knowing Paul Reagan (1935 – 2011)

By Sue Audette

Reprinted from *Wooden Canoe*

Journal of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

I am not sure where or exactly when Paul Reagan and I met, but I wish I had recorded it for prosperity, so I could celebrate that day. Death, in its finality, makes you look back and appreciate the things that matter. Paul was a man who mattered, and I and all who knew him did appreciate him. Paul was special; no person I have met has duplicated his kindness, his humor, his love of family, and his love of life.

In 1978 after purchasing Shaw and Tenney Paddle and Oar Company, the oldest paddle maker in the country, Paul left his home and job in Massachusetts to start a whole new life in Orono, Maine (see See “Shaw & Tenney: Paddling for 150 Years,” *Wooden Canoe* (2008); issue 148). His intent was to restore the company to its earlier prominence and make it grow. In doing so, he worked along side the absolute love of his life—his wife Helen. They were two people who could not have been better suited for each other.

Paul met success with this new venture and made so many friends along the way. He was not a native Mainer, but his adopted home was so much a part of him. He loved the outdoors, the feel of a paddle, and the joy of being in a canoe and sharing the joy with every one he met. He would invite you back to the shop, show you the various woods, and in many cases, craft you a paddle at no charge. He made it easy to love him.

I think we must have met at an Assembly around 1988, soon after I began researching the history of the Old Town Canoe Company. Paul was excited by my project as he had a deep love of history and of Maine. He encouraged me to continue and tried to assist in any way he could. He introduced me to some of his contacts at Old Town and shared any news he heard about the factory or business. He kept an eye on local papers. He checked Shaw and Tenney history to see if there were any overlaps. He called folks and helped me set up interviews. And he knew what a financial burden it was for me running from Connecticut to Maine. He suggested I ask WCHA for some education grant money to make the burden easier. I secured the grant and was grateful for his help. Eventually we became business partners. As “The Bag Lady,” I supplied paddle and oar bags to his business. The best part in this endeavor was that we became great friends.

Seldom did I travel to Maine and not stop in to see Paul and Helen. Each time I was met with warmth. We would have dinner at a nearby restaurant, Margaritas, where Paul was treated as if he owned the place. Every waitress would hustle over to get him his table. He would discuss with each one how things were doing, give advice, and even help with problems. Patrons would call him out by name, and usually we couldn’t order until his numerous friends had all come over to share a joke or to say hello. He truly was welcomed by the community of Orono and was even known as the “Mayor.”

At WCHA Assemblies, it was much the same. Everyone would gather round the Shaw and Tenney tent to enjoy the company or have a brew. Martinis were Paul’s favorite, and his thermos was usually nearby. He also enjoyed a beer now and then. One of his favorite finds was a beer store in Old Town that sold beer cheaply. It was past



Paul Reagan (at left, wearing—what else?—a Shaw and Tenney T-shirt), WCHA member 341, and his friend, Jack McGreivey, member 32, at the Assembly in 1998.

date but not past taste, at least most of the time. He would revel in the finds that he gathered, and his specialty was having one bottle of every weird beer imaginable. The weirder it was, the more fascinated he would become. If you didn’t like it, no problem—it was a great deal that he couldn’t pass up and he was glad to share it with you.

Wherever there was a crowd, Paul was usually in the middle of it. He loved to talk politics and what was wrong with the world, but the best of all were his jokes. He remembered them easily. His wit was unstoppable. Jerry Stelmok recalled an occasion where he introduced Paul to a man named Holyoke Whitney.

Paul quickly said, “Wow, imagine that! Both of us are named after towns in Massachusetts.

Puzzled, the man, looked at Paul and said, “And what would be your name then?”

Paul responded, “Marblehead!”

It was that kind of quickness that brought tears to our eyes.

My husband Vinny and I loved spending time with Helen and Paul and saw more of each other after we both left the retail business. Paul had built a cabin with his son Tom and would invite us up each summer for some great R&R.

On returning from this year’s Assembly, we learned that he was ill and the prognosis was grim—a malignant brain tumor. We rushed to see him hoping to give support, but instead it was the other way around. Paul, in bed, in pain but still as sharp as ever. He mentioned to his daughter that due to his condition, he couldn’t blow his nose easily. She remarked, “Well that’s a pain in the ass.”

Paul’s response, “If that’s true, you and I definitely blow our noses differently.”

Humor was so much a part of him, and he used it at that difficult time to make us feel better.

Despite his discomfort, he still remembered what was most important. “Helen,” he asked his wife of fifty-two years, “did I ever tell you how beautiful you are?” It was a question I had heard him ask Helen many times before, but this time meant so much more.

Paul Reagan—September 29, 1935 – August 25, 2011. A birth date and a death date, but with Paul it was all about the dash in between: a man who loved life, his family, his fellow man.

We are all better for having known him. He will be missed. ♫



Buffalo Maritime Center Open House

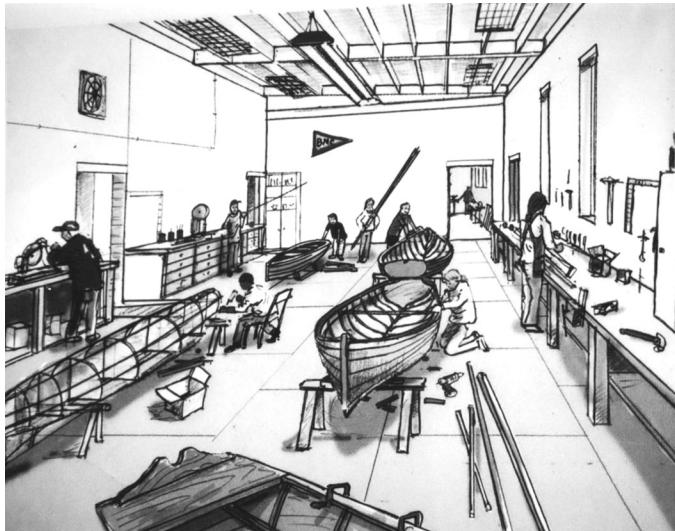
By Greg Grundtisch

The Buffalo Maritime Center held its first open house on March 4 at its new location at 90 Arthur St in Buffalo's Blackrock/Riverside neighborhood. Those who attended were given an extensive tour of the facility by several volunteers and treated to a lunch of pizza, beer, wine and soft drinks, along with lots of snacks. There was an ongoing slide show of the Center's early years, showing some of the temporary locations used over the past 20 years up to the present permanent building, along with photos of boats built and launched, past events and programs and photos of this past summer's Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival. That was a wicked good time!

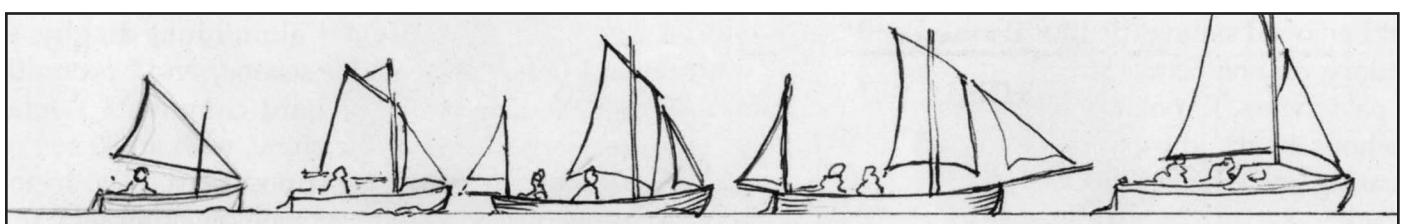
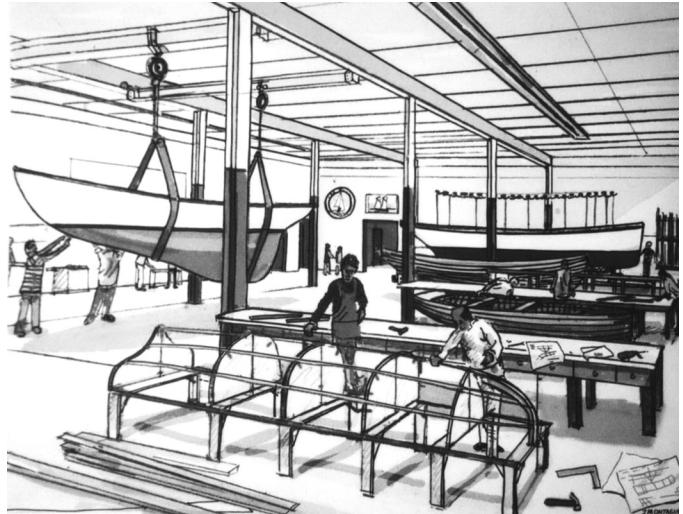
Naomi and I arrived late and the crowd was thinning, but we were told that over 200 people had attended. Lisa Marie Allen held a drawing and had a table of T-shirts and such with the Center's flagship logo available for purchase to help raise funds for the new building.

Much work has been done by a hard working and dedicated group of volunteers, and the building has been filled up with boats, benches, machines, tools, trailers and lots of stuff accumulated over the years, things saved and stored that now have a permanent location with space to put them to good use. There is still much to do and we can still use help from anyone interested to stop by and lend a hand. No experience needed and it's fun!

Small boat workshop.



Main boatshop.



View of classroom area.

So far the building has been sealed and secured from the weather and vandals on the outside, along with a new block wall on the east end. Lots of old wiring and pipes and plumbing that were of no use have been removed and recycled. Walls and ceiling panels that were not needed have been removed and the wood cleaned and re-used. Floors and ceilings have been steam cleaned and soon are to be painted. New main doors and overhead doors have also been installed. The overhead heat is now up and running, and the floor and insulated wall of the classroom are in and approved by the city.

All this and much other work has been done by many people who donated their time. Special mention and thanks should be made to Clip Class, Gary Kresser, Jeff Hayes, Brian McGowan, John Montague, Stew Duncan and Paul Marquart. There is a lot of skill and talent here and they have put in many, many hours, some of them are there almost full-time. We would truly be lost without them and others whose names I failed to learn.

Roger Allen, the Director of the Center, told me that the Center now has a new and better relationship with the city of Buffalo and that they have offered to help out. That

would be a nice change.

There are plans for a machine shop, foundry, library, ships store, museum and residence apartment(s) for out-of-town folks taking boat building and other related courses. It is also planned to have the local boat and ship model club use some of the space.

For those who may want to get involved as volunteers or take a class, stop by or call the Center at (716) 881-0111, info@buffalomaritimecenter.org, or Google Buffalo Maritime Center, all the contact information is there, including directions, history of the Center, photos of some of the boats built, the old shops of the past, historic boats and more. Some of the courses that will be available (some classes have already begun by publication but will be ongoing through the year) will be boat carpentry, boat building, lofting, half model building, stained glass boat building, rebuilding and repair of the Centers boats, to name only a few.

The Center is open to the public Tuesday through Saturday 9am-4:30pm. There are some evening classes available, also.

Hope to see you there. Happy sails!



(Kim's Part)

MAIB readers know that we occupy a small niche within the broader boating spectrum. We're seldom serious racers or sport fishermen, nor are we typically found in yacht clubs or aboard jet skis. Sometimes this makes us a lonely and scattered minority.

Happily, there are an ever-expanding number and variety of gatherings for such like-minded boat people. Events such as the Kokopelli Cruise in the west and the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in the east are examples. Here's one to add to the list, the Havasu Pocket Cruisers' Convention (HPCC), also known as "Sail Havasu." This is an annual week-long event held each February on Lake Havasu, in the Mojave desert, on the Arizona California border. <http://www.sailhavasu.com/>

"HPCC" is the brainchild of Sean Mulligan, sailor and native son of Lake Havasu City, Arizona. Sailing on Lake Havasu used to be a lonely affair before Sean hatched the idea to invite sailors to gather in February for this group event. Completing its fifth year in 2012, HPCC has grown from a small gathering to almost 400 sailors and 184 boats in 2012.

This year crews came from 26 states, four Canadian provinces and several countries overseas. Most trailered their boats, a few from thousands of miles away. Some flew in and found spots crewing on others' boats. Representatives of three sailing publi-

The docks at the London Bridge Resort, just part of the fleet.



Havasu Pocket Cruisers' Convention

By Kim Apel and Dan Rogers

cations were present (*Sailing, Good Old Boat* and *Small Craft Advisor*), so Dan and I nominated ourselves as the MAIB correspondents.

No small part of the appeal of the event is that it's held in February when the home waters of many participants may be frozen solid, or close to it. What sailor from northern climes wouldn't want to get away and go sailing for a week during what is appropriately called, back home, "the dead of winter?"

By comparison, Lake Havasu is paradise in February, the flip side of being sometimes the hottest place in the western hemisphere during summer. It's not quite the Caribbean, but it's pretty darn nice. You can drive there, you can bring your own boat and you can hang out for what passes for cheap these days.

Even for a southern California guy like me, accustomed to living near Disneyland, Lake Havasu has a "Land of Oz" quality about it. A big blue reservoir in the middle of the Mohave Desert, the product of a giant 1930s government water project, would be strange enough. Add to that the personal

vision of mid-20th century entrepreneur Robert P. McCulloch (think chainsaws and outboard motors) who was determined to build a city on its vacant shoreline, where summer temperatures exceed 120°F.

Then there's Havasu's best-known landmark, the London Bridge. To establish an icon for his fledgling city, in 1968 McCulloch bought an historic, but obsolete stone arch bridge from the city of London that was scheduled for demolition. It was disassembled, moved to the Arizona desert and reassembled. Only after it was in place was a canal dug from the lake, under the bridge, in order that it might cross some water.

A city of 53,000 has grown up around it. A waterfront hotel at the foot of the bridge, with King Arthur-themed décor, is the home base of the HPCC. Add to that the pink mountains on the horizon, consistent blue skies, knockout sunrises and sunsets... like I said, Oz.

It must be acknowledged that many HPCC goers may never have heard of a "messabout." They are trailer sailors, leaning mostly toward nice, shiny, production fiberglass boats in the 15' to 25' range with familiar brand names like West Wight Potter, Montgomery, Compac, MacGregor and Catalina.

They mostly stay in nice hotels and tie up at night in nice marinas. They are cousins of the messabouters, perhaps not quite siblings. I prefer camp cruising in my wooden

The "Parade of Sail" was an event for all sailors to sail under the London Bridge and out the channel to the open lake.



boat, but I was willing to give HPCC a try for the spectacle of so many “cousins” gathered in one place.

It's impossible to summarize all the experiences worth mentioning, but I'll share a few moments that hopefully reveal the “vibe” of HPCC.

I attended with Dan Rogers, who had been at one of the early HPCCs four years before. Dan had since moved far away, but flew in for this event and crewed on my boat. While checking in at HPCC headquarters, organizer Sean instantly recognized Dan, remembered his name and his boat's name and commented about how the two of them had “kicked butt” way back then.

As an excuse to share the experience and spectacle of a lot of boats on the water at the same time and place, several casual “races” were held; this, despite the participants' little interest or experience with serious racing and the absurdity of handicapping such a diverse fleet. As a friend once explained about such events, “It's not really a race, it's a pageant.”

Most participants needed an introduction or at least a refresher on even the most basic elements of a sail race so we got a briefing, which boiled down the hundreds of racing rules to: 1) avoid hitting anything with your boat; 2) starboard tack has right of way; 3) inside boat with overlap has right of way at the mark; 4) round all marks to port; 5) PFDs required; 6) let courtesy and common sense prevail.

Key West Race Week is a large, prestigious big boat sailing regatta held each January that draws elite boats and crews from all over. A messabouter would avoid it like the Plague. HPCC is like Key West Race Week (KWRW) for non-racing trailer sailors. HPCC's “racing” is somewhere between an homage to and a satire of KWRW.

Most messabouters would be glad to be there. Both events have websites, sponsors, vendor booths, social events, seminars, logo hats and shirts and so on; except almost everything about HPCC is small, especially the money. There's no entry fee. Oh, and there are MORE BOATS at HPCC than at KWRW.

Dan and I raced, but we knew we weren't doing well to windward. We still wanted to know how we scored and checked the results the next day, only to find that we had no score because no one knew how to handicap my one-of-a-kind boat. If I wanted a score, I was asked to select a comparable one-design class with a known Portsmouth number (standard handicapping index).

We found one on the reference list. Sean plugged it in the computer and we scored in the middle of the fleet, as expected. Such informality is not the way things are done at the yacht club.

The world's most famous Scamp sailors, Howard Rice and Mike Monies, land next to Kim's half-century-old day sailer.



Nelson hauled his MacGregor 25 all the way from San Antonio, Texas. On the final leg of the race he flew a GIANT Texas flag instead of a mainsail. It hindered his racing but he definitely got noticed. Later, back on the beach, he substituted a normal sized American flag until sundown. I was there at the time in full messabout mode, that is, observing and talking about and trying out boats with whoever was around.



A “Big as Texas” mainsail!

Nelson came by, tapped me on the shoulder, asked if I would help him take down the flag and headed toward his boat without waiting for my reply. He had no way of knowing, but I'm a Boy Scout leader who knows that a guy needs help to properly strike the colors, so I followed.

Nelson emerged from the MacGregor's cabin with a trumpet. I took my position at the base of the mast. As he played taps, I lowered the flag slowly, like we learned in scouting. A dozen or so people scattered around the cove stopped what they were doing and gave proper attention. John told me he does that to honor his deceased father who flew with the Flying Tigers in WWII in Asia.

Howard Rice is a highly accomplished small boat sailor, including such things as rounding Cape Horn in a canoe. He attended HPCC, travelling from his home in Micronesia, in the Pacific, to be a seminar presenter. Everyone, including Howard, expected him to talk about his sailing exploits.

But when the time came, Howard asked the indulgence of the audience to speak about his other passion, which is his work in Micronesia, planning for environmentally sustainable development in that poor nation. It was a risky move for an audience on vacation, but Howard received lots of positive feedback.

While the overwhelming majority of HPCC boats are production pocket cruisers tied neatly in their marina slips, there was enough diversity at the margins to make

things interesting to a messabouter like me. One guy converted his Compac 16 to a gaff cutter rig with bowsprit. Another converted an old West Wight Potter into a motor-sailer.



West Wight Potter as motorsailer.

There was a group of trimarans. Mike Monies, Texas 200 and Everglades Challenge veteran, brought his home built Welsford design “Scamp.”



Mike Monies and Red Scamp.

Some guys also built a boat during the week.



Messing About in Boats, May 2012 – 11



Sailing Klepper kayak with RC model boat and London Bridge in background.

There were a smattering of San Francisco Pelicans, my 1955 Joe Dobler sloop, a Goat Island Skiff, a Bolger Nymph (tender to a Peep Hen) and a Klepper folding tandem kayak with a sail rig.

There are beach berth alternatives to the marinas. Hardy campers can sleep aboard instead of n hotel accommodations. There's a pre-opening overnight event for camp cruisers.

Dates for HPCC 2013 have already been set. Many of those at HPCC 2012 have already booked their return trip. It's a year away, but Dan and I intend to join them.

(Dan's Part)

Well, you see, it's like this. I was absent the day they taught math in school. Mustab-in. At least on the day they taught the part about sumpthin' and sumpthin' else EQUALS sumpthin' else. That part. It's the thing, as I learned later on in life, that makes up the guzz- Some character boats lent spice to the common masses.



Montgomery 15, converted to a gaff cutter.

intas. But, certainly, you, my better-educated brothers and sisters, know what the guzzintas are. You do, don't ya? OK, it goes like this, "two guzzinta four, twice..." guzzintas.

When it comes to money and time, there's a slightly different equation. That one is called the LOTTA GUZZINTA. And I just came back from a short trip that required one of those calculations.

Let's see now. If you take five commercial airliners and their aggregate ten takeoffs and landings and layovers, add about ten hours of driving, some of that in the dark and freezing rain, three nights in a motel, add in restaurant meals in several towns along the way, a couple three hours of rigging, unrigging, launching, loading and wading around in 50° water, some of that in the pre-dawn darkness.

Multiply by the coefficient of unbridled enthusiasm. Subtract for the variable constant factor of jet lag and disturbed sleep schedules. And, this all equals about three hours

sailing time. Another one of those LOTTA GUZZINTA equations, I'd say.

It probably wasn't so much the day that I missed out on a mathematical education that led me to this calculus, so much as the day that I missed Common Sense Class. Now, that would have been a good one to show up for.

What this is all about. My friend and fellow SCUZBUM Kim and I started "planning" to attend the annual Lake Havasu Pocket Cruiser Convention way back last fall. I had gone to this event a few years ago when it was in its infancy. That year we pretty much did an overnight sail and held a group dinner. A nice event, but nothing like what it has grown to become.

Kim went a bit later on. But between us, we figured "a couple days there will be about right." And like I said, last fall when this conversation began, most anything seemed "reasonable."

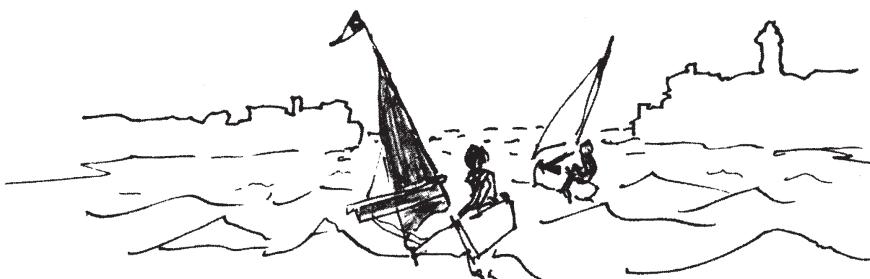
Well, that would be flat out wrong. Wrong with a capital "R!" Yep, you could say that we simply blew it. This premier event in the small boat sailing world has simply become a "happening" that should consume the better part of a week, or more, PLUS travel time. Some folks are arriving, NOW, weeks in advance. And they're coming from all over the place. I mean, from ALL OVER THE PLACE.

And, the organizer, Bosun Mulligan, has simply gone all out in establishing a venue chock full of speakers, presentations, group meals, commercial venders and SAILING EVENTS. Well, Bosun allows his humans, Sean and his wife, Jo, to do some of the microphone work from time to time. But, that dog is most certainly the brains behind the outfit. He told me so.

And the measly two days on scene that Kim and I were quite certain would "be enough for us" only scratched the surface of the delightful stuff we could still be doing down in Arizona. At Lake Havasu.

But now I'm already back here in the snowy and cold Northwest. It's supposed to snow about half a foot more over the next day or so, for that matter. I could be having a ball down in Arizona with my new bud, Bosun the dog. Heck, my own dog is named Bosun as well. And he insists that I should have taken him along. Too. And we should'a stayed for the whole thing. And taken *Lady Bug*. And sailed with the fleet all over that snow-free lake. And even won some races.

Yep, we should'a planned this one a lot better. We just didn't count up all the guzzintas.



Early Winter on Salt Creek

By Bob McAuley

The Last Roundup

December 1, 2011 dawned sunny in Woodridge, Illinois, with a forecast of 45°+ and southwest winds of 2-9 knots. The last few weeks of windy and rainy weather had kept me off the water. My son Mike managed to sneak out between storms and bagged six golf balls out of Salt Creek. The good news was that the logjam was removed from under the pedestrian bridge and passing under it was no longer a challenge. The bad news was he lost a big fish after it pulled him all around the creek in his kayak. After more doctor visits than paddling visits, I was itching to get one last paddle on the creek before ice up. Yeah, my veins ice up...

Chores were done at noon and the OAT gauge read 50°+ in the shade, so I grabbed my half-finished tea and golf cart wheels, I've graduated to using wheels on the stern and bow for transporting my 50lb kayak to the water. Twenty minutes later I was at the put-in. The shoreline trees had changed from brilliant fall colors to dark, naked, depressing branch draped trunks getting ready for the winter snows. I must be nuts. I forgot my double lined pants and wore summer Levis. Oh well, my legs will be mostly below the deck. I thoughtfully threw in an extra small rug and scarf before launch.

No one was around to see me off, a big change from summer launches with lots of walkers and talkers. After sliding into the cockpit and shoving off, I marveled at the way my wooden bow cut cleanly through the cold water making those neat bow waves. The only sound was my paddle slicing the water making bubbles and burbling sounds. Life is good.

A few mallards rose up across the creek and the ever present great blue heron took wing also. The winter water looked so cold. With no wind and the sun fading to overcast skies, the mirror-flat black water changed back and forth from silver mirror to black mirror beneath the changing sky cover.

For once I didn't have to protect my skin from the sun and I felt full of energy brought on by the wind chill in my face. I paddled quickly upstream keeping an eye out for birds and balls. Yep, I was out to snag the season's last golf ball! After crossing under the bridge, I spotted two balls just under the water. I pulled out our high tech extractor and scooped up a pair of Titleists. The last roundup was complete.

After traveling north to the island, I was surprised by the local kingfisher as he zoomed past me. It's December and he's still here? I checked the left channel and found it blocked again with that storm-dropped tree. Then I began to feel the cold. The return would be against a little wind. I grabbed the rug and covered my cold knees and wrapped the scarf around my neck. It was time to head back.

On the way downstream I enjoyed a bit of current and just a little headwind. During gliding while resting between strokes, I leaned way back over the turtle deck and stared up at the overcast sky. As I coasted under some overhanging shoreline branches, I rediscovered another beauty of nature that I



Salt Creek Dam.

hadn't seen since last winter. The thousands of micro-twigs of those countless hundreds of mini-limbs displayed a black lace-like artwork against the cloud-white sky cover.



Thousands of micro-twigs silhouetted against the winter sky.

In the summer these twigs are hidden by their leaves. Now I enjoyed a free art show plastered across a sky canvas! How could I photograph it? How peaceful it was to see all those thousands of interconnected or overlapping black twigs hanging silently in space. The vision slowly passed by as the current drifted me away. Moments like that are worth paddling on a cold winter day. I've got to try it again. The flat water made it safe to lean back because I might lose my balance and roll over in rough water.

With the art show over and two Titleists in my boat, I paddled hard into the headwind with that scarf saving the day. When I carefully landed above the dam, I realized upon stepping out that my summer gym shoes had left my feet numb. Next paddle, long johns, wool socks and boots.

Pumpkins, Mutant Mallards and Blue Plastic Boomerangs!

A warm front blew back in town on December 11 and I figured this would be my last chance to paddle the creek before ice up. It was calm and unseasonably warm, the OAT reading about 50°+ again when I reached the creek.

I chose my 9' favorite wooden kayak and, after pulling it out of the van, wheeled it to the bank above the Fullersburg Dam just west of Chicago. Shore ice had formed everywhere after several nights in the 20°s. I was now dressed for cold weather and it paid off.

The woods and waters were quieted down for the winter. No leaves rustled nor birds chirped nor walkers walked. My paddle broke the quietness with its sloshing sounds as I thrust my way upstream. Today's flat creek water had that brown tea stain color

and was icy cold. I was far enough away from the noise and traffic that surrounded the woods and water on every side. I had escaped alone to explore a new day on its waters.

My loneliness lasted but ten minutes when a familiar friend, the belted kingfisher, landed only 30' away on an overhanging limb. He let me drift quite close as though he enjoyed seeing me from last week. Though the sun was not out, his brown, blue and white colors were an eye treat in my binoculars. Finally he flew ahead and I leisurely paddled after him and repeatedly watched him from 30' away. He kept me company. Thank you.

The herons and wood ducks were "gone south" but I did scare a dozen mallards off of the boathouse/museum. To my surprise, they had landed on a backwater iced-over feeding pond. Would they chip through the thin ice for breakfast?

One of them stood out among all the green-headed drakes. This drake had the green head, but a non-standard white neck and breast. I couldn't believe my eyes. A mutant mallard! Instead of a brown breast and neck, he's wearing white. Maybe those are his new winter colors. What crossover of genes could have created that? Maybe he ate too many of those white golf balls that are polluting our stream! I wondered and wandered downstream gently pushed by the light current. I love this freedom on the water.

I noticed the shoreline was peppered with castoff pumpkins that had floated downstream in that last flood after Halloween. Their rich orange color added a welcome contrast to that otherwise dark shoreline. I wondered if anyone had ever put a message in a hollow pumpkin and floated it downstream? Its travels might make a good story.

Besides scooping up another golf ball, as I drifted down I came upon a blue plastic boomerang that had floated into a shoreline strainer. I snagged it and brought it home. I cleaned it up and it appears in good shape. When the weather warms up I'll have to learn how to use it. I do make "mini-boomerangs" out of glossy cardboard cut from empty tea cartons. I launch these from the back of my closed left hand knuckles with a flick of the right hand's thumb and index finger. Their job, of course, is to return to sender. My grandkids have learned to flick them into the air and, with practice, they do return to sender!

The friendly kingfisher escorted me once more, only going downstream. I hope he stays all winter. There are plenty of fish for him, unless we get a deep freeze, and the creek does ice over completely some years.

Coasting to my landing above the dam, I always remember the day Bart and I went over it in my canoe. Time's up. It's hot chocolate time at the Big Mac!

Keep on Paddlin'.



December 22, 2011, Winter Solstice sunset on Long Cove near Chestertown, Maryland.

I sail, therefore I am. I make no claims of great nautical skill or knowledge. But sailing small boats is an integral part of my life. The idea of stopping at the end of the “season” is just not acceptable to me. In fact, the sailing gets much better in the Maryland portion of the Chesapeake Bay during the fall and winter months. The wind is stronger and more dependable. The sky is clear without the heavy haze we get during the summer. The bugs are gone. There is a nice variety of migratory waterfowl to keep the sightseeing interesting. And I don’t have to contend with powerboat wakes. These are a few of my favorite things about winter sailing.

When I mention this activity to the uninitiated there are always two questions that arise, “Isn’t that unsafe?” and “Don’t I get too cold?” Let’s take those in order. Is winter sailing safe? Well, I think that depends on how I go about it. It isn’t unusual to be the only boat in sight, even in areas that have heavy boat traffic during the summer.

So you’re on your own. If you take a casual approach to boating, or if you sail a “wet” boat or one that is prone to capsize, it may be unsafe to sail in cold weather. But with a bit of planning and preparation I think you can enjoy sailing most small boats in Maryland as a year round activity.

First comes the planning. I am an old Boy Scout. I like to be prepared. My approach to sailing in cold weather is to give some thought to the various “what ifs” that may arise, have a plan for how to deal with those situations and have the proper equipment to be able to do so.

I learned that strategy while taking flying lessons during my early 20s. Although my flying days were short lived, the experience changed my life. I gained self confidence and accepted responsibility for my own actions and safety. Nothing encourages learning better than knowing that if I screw up I’ll die.

Pilots plan everything. They check the weather forecast, plan their route, file a flight plan, perform a pre-flight check of the airplane and all essential equipment and develop the habit of always knowing their location and looking for safe emergency landing areas. If the conditions are not safe they stay on the ground or abort the flight. There are old pilots and bold pilots. But there are no old bold pilots. This may sound overly complicated for a three-hour sail on a sunny

My Approach to Winter Sailing

By Doug Oeller

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware Valley TSCA

winter afternoon. But, at least for me, the same principles apply.

Let’s start with the weather. If you can only sail on weekends there is a tendency to push your luck weatherwise. After all, you’ve been thinking about this all week. And it’s today or never. Believe me, if you have doubts about the weather, you should just stay home. I confess that I’ve launched on a few days when the conditions were not safe for my boat. Why? Because I had driven almost two hours to get to the ramp and I just didn’t want to cancel the sail. So I thought, “Why not tie in a double reef and just deal with the conditions? Maybe it’ll make me a better sailor.”

Sometimes I’m an idiot. The fact is that cold weather sailing in very rough or windy conditions isn’t much fun. I can get wet and cold and pretty soon realize I should have stayed ashore. And then I start thinking how it would be a terrible shame to damage my boat so maybe I should just turn back now. If I persist, and the weather gets really nasty, I start thinking how embarrassed I’ll be to die by drowning or from hypothermia. For me, the winter weather limits for sailing are winds less than 15 knots, no rain in the forecast and air temperature of at least 40°F. I have sailed in sleet and snow. It’s not as much fun as you might think.

The next step is to choose an appropriate place to launch. I live about 55 miles northwest of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge. During the “off season” the drive takes a bit more than an hour, so I can choose a variety of locations on either side of the bay. During winter months I stay away from the open bay. I’m partial to creeks and rivers anyway. So this is no great sacrifice.

A favorite spot is the Rhode River on the western shore near the town of Mayo. The Rhode is a short river that offers access to Muddy Creek, which is a great spot to see migrating waterfowl. In Muddy Creek I can circumnavigate Big Island, which is actually quite small. (I think Small Island dis-

peared). The Rhode intersects with the West River at the junction where both meet the Bay. So I can explore two short rivers, a navigable creek and, if the weather is calm, poke out into the Chesapeake Bay, all in a four to six-hour sail.

On the Eastern Shore I favor the Chester, the Miles and the Choptank Rivers. A word of caution here, if the air temperature has been below freezing for an extended period and we suddenly experience a 45° day, the water at the edges of these rivers will still be frozen. This includes launch ramps. You’ll feel very silly if you drive for hours to reach a site that is completely iced in. Never mind how I know about that.

It’s a wise idea to leave word of where you’ll be and when you expect to return. When I leave home I tell Meg (my wife) where I’ll be launching and when I expect to be back ashore. Yes, I’ve offered. And no, she won’t go with me. When I get back to the ramp I let her know I’m safe ashore. If I haven’t called to check in by shortly after sunset, she knows where to start the search.

Let’s consider boats and equipment. The biggest danger associated with winter sailing is hypothermia. That means I don’t want to fall overboard or capsize. I think falling overboard is unlikely. I have been messing around in boats for most of my life and I have fallen overboard a few times. But it was always when transitioning from boat to dock or vice versa. Well, one time when I was 15 years old my dad pushed me off a dock for being a smartass. But that is a whole different story. That said, if I should happen to fall out of my boat there is a step on the transom to allow me to climb back aboard without assistance.

What about capsize? My boat, *Comfort*, is a Marsh Cat, which is a catboat of 15' LOA with a beam of 6'11". Her sail area is rather conservative at 152sf and has two sets of reefing points. She is an extremely stable and safe boat. I wouldn’t choose to go cold weather sailing in a boat that is likely to capsize. Before each launch I do an equipment check to make sure all rigging is OK, that the outboard motor is running and I have extra fuel and all of the safety equipment (radio, flares, fire extinguisher, first aid kit and PFD) is aboard.

The final aspect of planning for safe winter sailing is to consider potential problems and have a plan for how to deal with them. My “worst case scenarios” include a

leaking boat, getting dismasted, capsizing and medical emergencies. To contend with emergency leaking, I carry a bucket and manual bilge pump and I sail in areas where I could run the boat aground within a relatively short period of time. I have tools in my emergency kit to allow me to safely un-step the mast and disconnect the shrouds in case she gets dismasted.

I have a dependable outboard motor with plenty of fuel so that I can motor back to the ramp if sailing is not an option. And I prepare for the chance that I might get wet by always carrying a towel, extra set of warm clothing, blanket, a few granola bars and some chocolate, all stowed in a watertight bag. I also carry a thermos of hot tea or coffee. I have a radio and cell phone should I need medical assistance. And I make a point of knowing my location. I think *Comfort* will remain afloat if capsized. In that case, my emergency plan is to stay with the boat, radio for help and start sending up flares at regular intervals. This would be the case winter or summer.

We can't anticipate everything. To be prepared for the unexpected, I always wear a PFD. My whistle, rigging knife and VHS radio are all clipped to the PFD. I started that practice after two sailors I met at the Small Reach Regatta in Maine capsized due to running onto a submerged rock in foggy conditions. Their radio was in the boat. And they ended up in the water. Luckily there were other boaters nearby who heard them calling and came to the rescue. We don't have rocks or much fog in Maryland waters. But during the winter, we don't have anyone nearby either.

So what about feeling cold? People subject themselves to much worse conditions on ski slopes and riding snowmobiles all the time and we consider that normal behavior. My approach to staying warm while sail-

ing is to dress in layers just as one does for winter hiking or camping. The base layer is long underwear of synthetic material. For the middle layer I prefer wool pants and shirt, but synthetic fleece works well, too. I wear a wool sweater and watch cap.

My gloves are designed for skiing. And the outer layer is the same foul weather gear that I use during warmer months. I prefer to overdress because it's easier to prevent becoming chilled than to get warm again. I can always shed a layer or two of clothing if the day turns out to be warmer than expected. Staying dry is key, so I wear the foulies, even on mild days, to keep the wind and spray from chilling me.

I'll include one product endorsement here. I recommend a pair of neoprene "mukluks" sold by Chota. I love my Chotas! These are knee length waterproof boots that are designed for use by kayakers and canoeists. They feature a non-slip sole and can be folded down to ankle height if my feet get too warm. On cold days I wear two pairs of wool socks under them.



So there you have it, one person's approach to staying safe, warm and dry while enjoying year-round sailing in Maryland. I encourage you to give it a try. If your own boat isn't well suited, send me note at saltydoug2@verizon.net. We'll figure out a time and place to meet so you can share the experience with me in *Comfort*. It is hard to describe the clean, crisp, quiet beauty of my local waters during cold weather. Better that you should experience them yourself.



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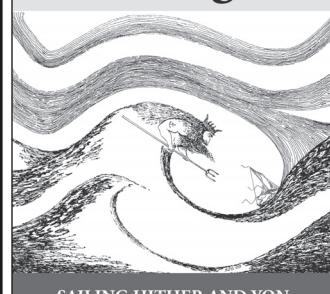
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History does not reach so far as to pin down just who started this business of building a boat and going off to sea in it. Perhaps an Egyptian or an ancient Chinese was first to get the itch. Whoever he was must have been a rare old dude in the willpower department. Robert F. Scott of polar exploration fame said that the worst part of an expedition is done when preparations are completed. Which is ironic, considering what happened to him.

Indeed, a boat takes its own sweet time being born, and then the shakedown process continues for an indeterminate time thereafter. Such is part of a protracted development beginning with the first dream, or desire, on through a maze of concepts, plans, construction, finances, wrong turns, health issues, voyage logistics and so on until the lines are finally cast off. Along the way a rude pile of material becomes mankind's most elegant conveyance, or in the highest echelon at any rate. The wind is free.

My boat is a plywood epoxy lapstrake daysailer designed by French naval architect Francois Vivier, a sloop called *Stir Ven* by him. Mine is a bit plainer than the made-moiselles on his website, but as wholesome as I could build her nonetheless. Christened *Joan of Arc* (French maiden, brave, might be a witch) after the most underrated character in all of human history, in my opinion, she was launched in the fall of 2010 and taken on a few overnight shakedown cruises near home, Tallahassee, Florida.

I have dreams for this boat of crossing over to the Bahamas in search of solitude, beauty, wild things to eat and so on. These aims seem to me compatible with pure sailing, without an engine. Along our densely populated coastlines a sailing boat is placed at disadvantage among the speeding machinery. Lacking the wherewithal to go to the Bahamas this year, I settled on the Florida Keys instead. Friends in Bradenton, the Gulf Coast vortex of messing about in small boats, offered their support. Allow me to name Turner and Nancy Matthews, my hosts before and after.

After the inevitable final hurricane of preparations, Turner and my good friend Lawrence Page conducted *Joan* and I to a launch ramp in Punta Gorda, an hour farther south. The Everglades Challenge, a 300-mile adventure race from Tampa Bay to Key Largo for human and wind-powered craft, had gotten underway earlier the same morning. The start of the race was not too far from Bradenton, but I was not ready in time and so skipped ahead to PG in hopes of seeing a champion zoom by.

Launching at the county park there was uneventful but involved a bit of wading and pushing, an upwind-and-foul-tide canal situation. Charlotte Harbor, an extensive body of navigable water opening toward the Gulf, proved to be a good starting point. I sailed on a close reach for the rest of the afternoon and anchored near a large natural area named Cape Haze.

First light on the first morning is a time charged with possibility, truly. The weather forecast was carefully taken into account as a cold front was due to arrive, though nothing in particular was said about it. The commentary can change quite a bit just before the front's arrival, I learned during the course of this voyage. NOAA's robot voice would have or should have begun broadcasting discouragement this day.

Out of a mostly innocent sky a furious gale picked up in a matter of moments. I had taken

Sailing to the Dry Tortugas with a French Girl

By Walt Donaldson

in one reef before getting underway in respect of the front, but three reefs would not have been too many and no leaving of the helm was possible for the duration. Indeed, never have I sailed in so much wind. The crescendo lasted about 40 minutes and the boat was balanced just on the point of capsizing that whole time, the jib drawing and the main flogging like thunder. There was no rain nor lightning.

For the boat's sake I regret the abuse endured, yet something like that is profoundly instructive. After things calmed down, I sailed over to the lee of the big island in Charlotte Harbor (Pine Island), put up the sun awning and re-collected myself, which took much of the day.

Late in the afternoon I began feeling frisky again and moved ship to a better anchorage, working my way upwind in NE 15-20 closer to the passes leading out to the Gulf. A pretty spot turned up in the lee of an uninhabited islet between Pine Island and Useppa Island. Useppa is the "tall cotton," as they say in Mississippi. Early the next morning I sailed over to it and was surprised to see a fleet of small catboats on moorings. Lots of them looked like wooden boats, too.

The wind was settling down. A Hobie 18 was anchored behind the next island over, sails in a pile, a probable Everglades Challenge racer by the general impression. I had seen two other boats during the previous day's squall and they both had their acts together. One was a multihull under reefed main alone, jogging along despite the fury, and the other was a very small cat-rigged boat that had worked into good position to sail in the lee of a barrier island.

The conditions were favorable for Captiva Pass, the first inlet south of Boca Grande, the major pass into Charlotte Harbor. Although an unfamiliar place, it didn't look too bad. Breakers were forming all along the bar, but the gentle kind that spill or pour forward. One area was hardly breaking at all and soon the pass fell astern. I set about trying to find a good heading southward and protection from the sun, as it was mid-morning by this time and sure to be a long day. A high swell was running.

The course parallel to the beach was nearly downwind and the swell was rolling the wind out of the sails. She would go fine SE or SW though, and I spent the morning "tacking downwind," huddled in the shade of a golf umbrella with a canopy made for UV protection (in Florida UV stands for Ultra Violent). The Hobie 18 seen earlier negotiated the pass and set a nearly identical course. They caught up eventually and we exchanged a few words. The wind was falling light so I heaved to and shook out a reef. They continued on the offshore tack, the last I saw of the EC.

A sea breeze slowly filled in. The southern end of Sanibel Island drew abeam late in the afternoon, where the breeze piped up a bit too much for the asymmetrical spinnaker set during the light airs previous. Taking it in, I found myself in the same position at the same time of day with the same wind direction as a trip from 2004, offshore of Ft Meyers with

no desire to go in there. This meant a wakeful night in the Gulf, but I hoped it would be possible to pass Cape Romano, gateway to the Ten Thousand Islands, and turn into its lee for a rest sometime in the wee hours.

The Almighty must laugh and laugh at plans such as these. At sunset I reefed down and cooked dinner. My cursed headlamp, normally in nearly constant use during such goings on, decided to pack up for good, and for the rest of the trip working illumination was provided by a dim plastic cheapo held in my teeth. It took two hands to turn the silly thing on and off.



No ice aboard. Bean sprouts, cabbage and sturdy root vegetables did the trick.

The breeze began picking up, way up, and strung me out pretty severely during the course of the night. The wind was slightly aft of the beam and I was obliged to steer very carefully during the gusts. A second reef would have been prudent, but I wasn't sure of managing it without a headlamp. It had been many years since I'd done an all-nighter at the helm.

Seemingly we are given a packet of energy, mysterious in its origins, proportional to our degree of commitment to a course of action. Normal workaday consciousness (at least mine) simply does not know what to do in that situation; namely, to pay close attention for hours on end. Another type of control with less "circuitry" and more directness takes over, an aspect of the survival instinct.

Cape Romano drew abeam at 3:30am. I had never been around on its offshore side (there's a bypass route inland). It has a reputation for extensive shoals and I gave it so much room that any land south of it was far over the horizon at dawn. My bunk was calling but the Florida peninsula trends quite a bit eastward after the Cape. A protected anchorage would come at the dear price of beating upwind for many hours, as the wind was aligned with the rising sun.

It was an ideal morning for sailing, however, so I got going for the Keys without deliberating overmuch. It turned out to be a suitable course for self-steering, which allows for catnapping, just the thing after a sleepless night. In preparation for the trip I had fitted a spray and sun canvas stretched over part of the cockpit. Wouldn't a periscope be handy at times!

The Keys were still 20 miles distant at sunset, some bits were closer but the self-steering course led to the Great White Heron National Wildlife Refuge in the Lower Keys. Good fortune, shallow draft and a bit of setting moon helped with finding decent anchor-

age near a mangrove island, 18 miles east of Key West.

It was an uncommon morning, that first one in the cayos. A strange blimp was floating high overhead, tethered to the ground. I tried out some Chinese tea from trees 1,000 years old and experienced deep gratitude. Situationally, Key West was right down the line, an uninhabited coral atoll called Marquesas Key lay a day sail out from there and the Dry Tortugas were 50 odd miles after that. The wind was from the east and had already climbed to over 20 knots.

In the boat I had before this one, a New Haven sharpie, such conditions would indicate surfing on down there, under main alone, aye, and in style, too. This is a terrible sloop strategy, I discovered. She wants that jib all of the time. The rudder was partly raised for shallow water and it was just plain impossible to keep the boat from rounding up. Confusion reigned aboard and I re-anchored with some difficulty, which brought home the truth of how lucky I had been the night before to stumble upon good holding ground. The tide was running like a millrace.

I finally dove on the anchors to be certain of them. Shivering from the brisk wind, I retreated below until hindsight made clear what was happening. I tried again at 4pm, setting a reefed jib this time with much better results. The wind had moderated, too. Enjoying rapid progress, at sunset I heaved to at the sea buoy for Key West and made a big meal, enough for the night to come.

The idea, of course, was to sail at night so as to arrive at the Dry Tortugas in daytime. You will recall that we are speaking of a line of islands oriented east to west. The wind had gotten light and fluky after midnight so I had been tacking downwind again to keep the sails drawing.

The boat won't quite self-steer in those conditions but tiny adjustments to the steering lines will keep her moving along unintended for minutes at a time. Tiny, I say. Sometimes adjusting only the tension is enough (the steering lines are rigged up with adjusters like guy lines on a tent). I found it quite extraordinary to sail a boat all night with nothing special to do besides making these fingertip movements. That's what it comes down to.

The Dry Tortugas were 28 miles away at dawn. Someone had gotten busy at the NOAA meteorological office and moved up the next cold front about 12 hours, bringing on the front before landfall. I chewed on my lips for a while and turned back. Aside from a foreboding, the wind had gotten so light that sailing upwind was the only way to feel any apparent wind, and this course led back to Marquesas Key.

Not unexpectedly, the breeze strengthened and clocked around in standard cold front fashion and I arrived there late in the morning, going around the southern side counterclockwise to the SE quadrant of the atoll. I anchored in shallow water over grassy mud, put up the sun awning and nipped down below.

Sometime later I awoke to a profound silence. A silence soon to end, one look at the sky could portend. The west was filled with an impressive blue-black storm system and trees on the island had already begun to toss. I scrambled to roll up the sun awning and managed to collar a few other items on deck just as they were getting airborne.

Both anchors pulled with the initial

squall but both reset. A bit of ice rattled down and then the clouds proceeded to split open. I caught some rain in the spray canvas and used it to rinse salty things, for example the helmsman. All seemed well for the time being and I was thankful for not being offshore.

After the worst of it, a peep out the companionway revealed a cruising catamaran working in under power. A spirit of cooperation seemed to pervade her. All three people on deck were animated with complex gesticulations, which led to the deployment of a truly massive CQR anchor, promising great immobility.

Twilight came out calm and lovely. Anchor lights winked on, the tinkle of cubes was audible. Though I couldn't make out the words, it was plain that some kind of adventure had come to pass aboard the catamaran. An old style cabin cruiser also shared the anchorage, more inland near a steep-to bank. It is an attractive place on the chart, a channel runs into the Marquesas atoll's interior lagoon, right in the quadrant best protected from cold fronts.

The lee of something is vulnerable to a change in conditions, naturally. The wind returned at a beastly hour and veered enough to degrade the anchorage. My own two anchors, set in opposition, dragged several times in the marl bottom, so I disinterred a heavy monster out of the bilge and put that down too. No part of this lash-up was particularly effective and by dawn I had made significant progress toward Cuba. As I was struggling to set sail, the catamaran came close within hailing range, possibly as a gesture of concern.

In a lee of the island once again, around the corner so to speak, I followed a lead of deeper water into a secluded and beautiful position protected from all directions except south, a statistical winner on the first day of a cold front. After breakfast I went foraging and captured one crab. The place was so charming that I gave it a name, The Rookery. Extensive flats on both sides were populated with sea birds, more so as the tide receded.

Late in the afternoon I "hiked" on the flats and came upon what appeared to be a refugee boat, destroyed by fire. It was built

At peace in The Rookery, Marquesas Key.

with aluminum sheet from an airplane, bolted to rough sawn wood from packing crates and suchlike. After the outing, I went for a swim and scrubbed off incipient barnacles, noticing that none were established within the first few feet of the stem. The friction against wetted surface must be much higher there.



Refugee boat destroyed by fire. Nice tiller.

The next morning announced itself clear and plain as the right day for passing out to Dry Tortugas National Park. How thrilling it was to sweep past the Marquesas' southwest point! An extensive bank of moderate depth called The Quicksands stretches for miles to the west, making for green apple seas. Or perhaps plankton has something to do with it.

This odd hue gradually transforms into bright ocean blue with flying fish scattered on top, free of land's influence. The Rebecca Shoal hints at what's to come not long before the islands materialize, which are dominated by Fort Jefferson, a mighty pile of bricks from Civil War days. Buoys in yellow mark the Park perimeter and a hoot of joy burst forth from someplace deep within.

The main channel into the harbor was around to the far side of the main island, Garden Key, through a marked channel upwind. The sun was sinking fast but my luck held, thankfully. With the aid of binoculars I detected a secondary channel on the near or weather side of fort. It passes within biscuit toss of the ramparts and some iron ruins awash.

Once past a final shoaling point I was unmistakably safe in a fine basin encircled by two islands and shallow banks. The catamaran *Integrity*, neighbor from the Marquesas,





Fort Jefferson, Garden Key, Dry Tortugas National Park.

was there with four other cruising boats and a behemoth sport fisherman. I luffed up near *Integrity* to exchange a word and then settled upwind of the fleet in 2' of crystalline water over clean sand.

After a restful night, I was having kittens to venture forth for a look around. I had glimpsed a coral garden very near when approaching the fort and that would have been the prudent destination. What actually transpired was a heedless stampede straight downwind toward an offshore reef near the park's southwest boundary. I had read something about it. In a rising wind, a wiser voice suggested that surely the trip back would be unpleasant at the very least?

I pulled up near the longitude of Loggerhead Key, the last bit of land out there, to feel how the breeze would be going back. I ended up starting the upwind return right away. It strikes me now that these were quite typical conditions for the Dry Tortugas. They are well down in the 24th degree of latitude, almost to the Tropic of Cancer, 23°26'. Any easterly influence in the weather is augmented by the trade wind. Giant aquamarine wind chop is so strange if you are not used to it.

The way back led over an extensive reef called the Brilliant Shoal, which it was. The depth seemed sufficient, but fortune travails the unwary. I realized the predicament when I could see accurately the purple color of a sea fan. In the hollow of a wave the centerboard struck, and then banged again as it fell back to its fully down position (the board is heavily weighted). The tackle that operates it should be kept tight enough to prevent this, but it was my day for compounded avoidable errors evidently.

Not sure of a way out from the maze of coral heads, I maneuvered carefully to a sand patch and put down an anchor. She rode there steadily enough, though clearly it was not a safe place to stay long. Nevertheless, I took the opportunity to enjoy a memorable short dive. The centerboard had taken a hard crack, chipping off a piece of its thick Dynel covering. The timber core was visible and some plywood of the reinforcement. A curious parrotfish nibbled the damage.

Hoping for the wind to die down late in the day, and wanting the sun behind for visibility's sake, I sailed to the lee of Loggerhead Key, intending to anchor for a midday rest under the awning. An extraordinarily tall lighthouse is sited there with cheerful coconut palms and a handsome building. But the water is relatively deep all around and the rules of the national park forbid getting too

close. So I reefed down further and started back for the fort.

All went well and I arrived just as the ferryboat from Key West, a large power cat named *Yankee Freedom II*, cast off her lines to depart the narrow channel. The skipper held up to let me in, bless him. I ought to search YouTube. From the bow of the ferry a platoon of camera lenses was tracking every move. Somewhere on the internet are movies of a man sailing with duct tape on his nose. After anchoring up I dove overboard with a sharp chisel and investigated the centerboard damage, eventually affecting a bandaid repair with epoxy putty.

The next day I stayed put. The one after I started getting a nudge from a restless feeling, the one that "turns the wheel." Now and then a whiff of petroleum would waft through the anchorage. Being the boat most upwind, I was at a loss to explain, is this the smell of America from 72 miles out? Or foul legacy of the BP Deepwater Horizon spill? The buffeting wind clocked a bit farther into the east and four of the five cruising boats in the anchorage left during the course of the day. Consulting a large scale chart, it finally dawned on me that Tampa Bay is due north of DT, not far to the east as I had supposed.

Making a long passage due west had formed that impression. Furthermore, the strong easterly conditions were here to stay for the foreseeable future as far as I could tell from faint weather broadcasts. A stationary high-pressure system well to the north was generating at least some of the wind. I reasoned that sailing toward the center of it would result in calmer conditions eventually. Always with a leading wind on headings north and east, considering a high's clockwise nature, but self-steering is possible with those.

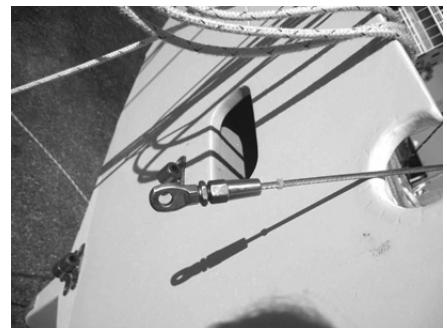
I went through the whole boat getting shipshape and left about 5pm, tying off the tiller after clearing the fort's wind shadow. The compass needle settled nearly due north, with Tampa Bay about 200nm away. I didn't fool myself that the trip back would consist of sailing straight there on a rhumb line, but starting out in the right direction was some comfort.

After getting used to the rough ride, I watched the curtains close on our sun, Fort Jefferson and then the Loggerhead light receded over the horizon. The wind was plenty enough but not behaving maliciously. Like any lonely human on the wide sea, I sang old songs and delved deep into the provisions. Homeward bound, you understand.

Here's a good one by John Prine:

"Dear Abby, Dear Abby,
my fountain pen leaks
My wife hollers at me,
and my kids are all freaks
Every side I get up on
is the wrong side of bed
If it weren't so expensive,
I'd wish I were dead."

A sudden BANG forward produced a reaction somewhat like hearing a gunshot in a bad neighborhood. I felt that something momentous just happened and strained every nerve to determine the consequences, but further sensory input was not forthcoming. I scrambled all around with my crappy flashlight and then a rechargeable searchlight, looking for clues. I found a small crack in the mast tabernacle and gradually became aware that the starboard shroud turnbuckle was rattling on its attachment point.



Suncor "Quik-Attach" shroud terminal. Do not buy.

I couldn't be certain that this wasn't normal. I was on the other tack when the big squall came through on the first day of the trip. It seemed possible that the rig had gotten its first good "stretching" on starboard, the side now loose. I tightened the slack gingerly and continued with starboard on the lee side for the rest of the night. This course led south of east and before dawn I could see the light of a marker not too far north of Marquesas Key. Tampa Bay was hardly any closer.

The state of the rigging became less of an issue. The wind had fallen light, which I attributed to some diurnal cycle, but this was not the case. If indeed I had crossed the zone of strong easterlies, it wasn't very wide. Be calmed! It has been said that the calms are worse than the storms. But that depends on the storm, hey?

In reality, the calms are bad only in the beginning, unless they run on too long. The boat lurches around with a detestable motion and the cessation of progress is mentally distressing. The thing to do is lower sail, put lashings and preventers on everything rolling around and go to sleep. A person giving advice is often guilty of not following it.

I awoke to the throb of faraway engines. A lapstrake hull with thin planking is like living inside a guitar. A shrimper was approaching very slowly, delivering a morning breeze. Cackling, I mobilized instantly and soon relished the sensation of sliding over calm seas. It doesn't take much to get a boat moving after the chop has died down. During the calm I had been bemoaning fate as the forecast called for light north winds for days and days.

In fact, this was the best part of the trip. The breeze, light but never absent, would veer northeast morning and northwest afternoon. The boat would self-steer 100% so

all I had to do was keep a lookout and tack about twice a day. Man did I ever read in my Charles Dickens book, drink tea, and catch up on sleep. Conrad said the true peace of God begins 1,000 miles from land. I shall have to look into that.

Almost too soon it was time to strategize about how to get into Tampa Bay. During the previous night the wind had picked up substantially and was gusting up straight out of the north. The boat was starting to work hard again and when daylight arrived, I was beating toward the imaginary mark chosen as turning point for the final leg.

I still had that BANG on my mind from a few nights earlier and sure enough, the rising sun revealed something fairly horrible. An unidentified object was poking out of the starboard shroud terminal aloft. After staring for a long time through binoculars it dawned on me what it was, a ring of sealant put there when the fitting was assembled. To put it simply, the wire holding up the mast was pulling out.

I came about to relieve the tension on that side, needing time to consider. The spinnaker halyard was put to use by bringing it

down to the starboard shroud u-bolt, tensioned with the boomvang tackle. This introduced a buckling force, as the halyard leads higher than the opposing shroud, but the mast is pretty strong on a gaffer. I eventually decided to carry on with full sail toward land while the rig was still supported on the unaffected side. Then I could reduce sail when time came to maneuver.

Looking at a chart, this course of action led to Venice Inlet, a narrow cut with rock jetties, but at least one with which I was familiar. The weather was kind enough to allow it, with the breeze turning more onshore just so. Perhaps this was due to incantations muttered fervently for several hours, perhaps not. I sailed toward a boat ramp indicated on the chart, which turned out to be not far away from the transient anchorage. Oh, sweet deliverance.

I called friends in Bradenton. All of them offered assistance. The following day was a Saturday and happened to be St Patrick's Day. Take-out, or rescue if you prefer, was set up for the morning. My friend Austin Shiels, who is Irish, asked particular questions about where I

was. After hanging up the phone, I started getting the boat ready for the road and discovered that the centerboard was stuck down.

I was scratching my head over this when I heard distinctly Irish hallooing from a seawall nearby. Austin had concluded that I would enjoy attending his St. Patrick's Day party. I had no idea what he was going on about until actually standing next to him, shaking hands. He had flagged down some teenagers in a fishing boat to give me a lift. However, I was barefoot and filthy and had left the companionway hatch standing open, so I declined, regrettfully. It is plain to see that friendship is the best part of being human.

It took some asking to get a ride back out. By the way, the centerboard was stuck because a small mangrove stick about like a cigar had somehow floated into the case and wedged firmly. Snaking it out of there was the trip's last exorcism of the numerous gremlins that had gotten aboard. Conrad again, to sum up, "A ship is not a slave. You must take steps to ease her, in a seaway." That is a good way to put it in very few words. *Joan of Arc* will get more careful treatment next time.

In the years that I worked at the locks on the Mississippi River I saw some rafting expeditions either passing by or starting just below our lock. One that I remember best happened when I was still in the Coast Guard. 1961 was the last summer that I was in the USCG. I was stationed at the Marine Inspection Office in Cincinnati. That office had three officers full time. They run the show but in the summer they brought in three enlisted men. I was one of them. I got married that summer and my bride and I set up housekeeping in a mobile home on the river bank in a trailer park on the Kentucky side.

My duty was to be the deck hand on a 30' work boat that was tied up at a marina on the Ohio waterfront a few blocks away from our office. I was the lowest man on the crew. Our duties were to keep peace among the pleasure boaters, to check on the required safety equipment and to explain to boaters how to properly display the boat numbers that they had been assigned. We did an occasional rescue.

Thinking back we tend to forget that these numbers have not always been around. They were first assigned that year and the pleasure boat folks had no idea how they should be displayed. A big part of our job was to explain the proper way to do this.

The Cincinnati harbor was broken up by several dams. Our duties took us through several locks that later became flooded when the large dam at Markland, Indiana, was filled.

One quiet summer day we were upstream, just below one of the locks, and a strange looking water craft came out of the lock. It was a small pontoon houseboat being propelled by a pair of sweep oars. This boat looked very much like a water boatman. The rig was obviously homemade out of plywood covered with glass. It had no paint on it. There were no numbers on the boat but we didn't care as it was not a motor boat. The boat had a cabin, or shack, about 8' square and a pair of plywood pontoons slightly longer than the cabin. There was a platform attached to the after side of the cabin high enough so the operator could

More Rafting Stories

By Mississippi Bob

see over the top. From that platform he could operate his sweeps.

We had no right to tell folks what they could and couldn't do on our river so we checked him out for all the safety equipment. He passed with flying colors. He had all that was required, even a couple of good anchors and lots of mooring line that we didn't require. We asked what his plans were and he told us he was headed to New Orleans. Good luck, guy. We had done our job and we sent him on his way.

The following day we found his rig tied up at one of the marinas and we stopped to see how he was doing. He was doing just fine. He had rowed about five miles down the river to this spot and folks were feeding him lots of beer. All the other boaters were buying him drinks. It would be a long way to the Gulf if he was going to stop for a beer every five miles.

Over the next week we kept spotting his boat down river a little bit further each time. When he was reaching the lower end of our patrol area I invited him home for supper one evening. He jumped at the chance to eat some real food. He told me that the boaters were always free with the booze but never a hamburger or anything good to eat. We had a nice dinner together, then with my bride, we drove him back to his boat. That was the last I saw of this lad. I have no idea how far he got but I am sure that he sure did have fun.

At Lock #2 we had an incident one summer day. As I was on my way home after work I spotted a raft tied up to the right bank. I stopped and looked this craft over purely out of curiosity. This was a fairly well-built watercraft. I had no idea how it got there. I was chatting with some of the crew, there were a bunch of them. They impressed me to be a bunch of hippies.

This raft was probably about 40' long and was covered with several tents and at least one table and several chairs. The table was covered with a large wine and cheese spread. The raft spent several days tied up there and folks kept coming and going. My guess was that they were still taking on stores, wine and more cheese and possibly waiting for some hippie who arrived later. They didn't seem to be in any hurry to get underway. One day it disappeared as quickly as it arrived. No idea who they were or how far they got.

On quite a different note we had a raft at Lock #1 that we used once a year to take soundings around the lock and dam. This raft was really only a few 12" section square timbers put together making a raft 50' long and about 3' wide. This raft was very flexible and would bend some when we changed course. It would also submarine if we tried to push it very fast. We would tie one of our lifeboats up to the side near one end and one man would run the boat and write numbers on a clipboard as the other guy would walk back and forth with a sounding rod poking holes in the river.

This job would occupy two men for a couple of weeks every summer. We sounded the lock chambers and above the dam for 50'. The raft was faced into the top of the dam and one guy would take soundings every 10' where the marks were on the timber. We worked as best we could below the dam also but in my mind what we were doing was meaningless. We might get 6' on one stab and a foot away we might get 8' because the sounding pole would go between rocks.

We did things differently back in the '60s. I suggested to my boss that this same job could be done faster and more accurately if we used an electronic sounder. I was just a dumb peon, what could I know. About ten years latter the Corps got electronic sounding stuff. We never got to use it though. They hired another crew that spent the summers doing all the locks from a fair-sized launch. We weren't smart enough to handle such a complex job.



Whitehead Island Light marks the southern approach to Muscle Ridge, a series of north-south islands a mile or so into the bay. 5'-6' swells were running due to Hurricane Danny.

Saturday, August 29, 2009" "GALE WARNING IN EFFECT 8AM EDT THIS MORNING THROUGH SUNDAY MORNING. E. winds 15 to 25kts ... increasing to 20 to 30kts. Seas 4' to 7' ... building to 6' to 8' this afternoon. Showers. Widespread fog. Vsby 1 to 3nm. Tonight NE winds 25 to 30kts. Seas 7' to 10'."

Friday, August 28: Having left Geneva, Ohio, shortly after 9am with *Blue Mist* in tow, Dennis and I arrived at Camden Hills SP campground on the central part of the Maine coast after midnight. The trip of 750 miles or so was uneventful and, for the last several hours, the roads very quiet but we were ready for sleep.

To our surprise the campground had rolled up the carpet and closed the gate hours earlier. We were forced to break in, no lock, just a pin inserted into the arms of the gate. I would apologize in the morning. We had arrived on the shores of Penobscot Bay, our home waters for the next nine days.

A frequent Maine visitor, I have, over the past 15 years, cruised most of Maine's rocky midcoast region. I have relied heavily upon the universally recognized "bible" for cruising Maine, *A Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast* by Hank and Jan Taft/Curtis Rindlaub. My 16' wooden Wayfarer was built in England in 1964. The Wayfarer, designed by Englishman Ian Proctor in 1957, is one of the world's outstanding cruising dinghies. Dennis Figley, also a Wayfarer sailor, lives in Ashland, Ohio. This would be his first time in Maine waters.

For several days the two of us had been following Hurricane Danny's progression up the East Coast. Though barely obtaining Category I status, and now downgraded to a tropical storm, Danny was making me nervous. I'm sure Dennis was, too. I had my fingers crossed, hoping we might receive just a glancing blow. Shortly after we turned in light rain started to gently patter on the tent and we began to hear wind in the treetops.

Saturday, August 29: By morning a steady soaking rain was driving down, the air was bone chilling and wetness was invading the tent. A weather radio check confirmed the expected, we stood no chance of launching this day. So we decided to keep the tent site for another day and check out the area by auto. I would take Dennis on a tour of the region, hitting a few of my favorite places. Meanwhile, we planned to get an early start Sunday.

Following breakfast in normally bustling Camden, but which was soggy and subdued this day, we headed down to Rockland Harbor, except first I had to stop along the way at the Rockport Marine boat shop. It being a Saturday, the shop was still.

However, we were thrilled to be allowed to explore the insides of this large renowned

Hurricane Danny Clears the Way For a Great Maine Cruise - Part I

By Dick Harrington



Launching *Blue Mist* at Tenants Harbor Sunday am.

wooden boat shop. There were three magnificent restorations underway; it was awesome to just be able to run our hands over some of those massive timbers.

Rockland Harbor was awesome, too, but in a less fulfilling way. This was where we were planning to launch. A semi-commercial harbor, it is large and rather open, particularly to the east, which was bad this day.

The problem with most launch sites in this part of Maine is finding long-term parking. The local communities tend to be exclusive. But at Rockland there is a large public parking area and the launch ramp is good and well protected. This was where my good friend and fellow Wayfarer cruiser, Tom Graefe from Norwell, Massachusetts, departed from on his most recent cruise in 2007.

Standing on the harbor wall near the Harbor Master's house, we were subjected to the full fury of the 30+kt gale force wind and rain, straight in the face. Benefiting from a long unobstructed fetch down the harbor, good-sized white-capped seas were rolling through the anchorage, causing even larger boats to lunge at their moorings like wild ponies.

What would Sunday be like? Suddenly I found myself thinking of other possibilities. Maybe we should consider Round Pond and start out on Muscongus Bay. I suggested to Dennis. Chock full of islands, Muscongus Bay offered a lot of immediate protection if the wind stayed strong.

In the past, I, as well as Tom Graefe, started some great cruises from picturesque

and less known Round Pond, located on Muscongus Sound. The launch ramp there was also excellent and we had been permitted to park in a vacant lot behind the white church, a short walk up from the harbor.

Things have changed! The property was being sold and parking was now out. I was in shock. Even with the help of the kind woman managing the small general store, our attempts to find an alternative place to park were unsuccessful. This was a very sad day for me. Round Pond had been a wonderful place from which to start a cruise.

But all was not lost. Back on Penobscot Bay, at Tenants Harbor, where we enjoyed a great seafood dinner at the Cods End on the end of the wharf, we managed to woo one of the waitresses at the Farmers Restaurant into letting us park in her yard for a small fee. This unexpected stroke of luck put us into a much happier frame of mind. So finally the launching place was settled, it would be Tenants Harbor in the morning.

Back at our tent site the wind blew the treetops even harder and the rain continued nonstop. The people we talked to during the day had offered little encouragement that tomorrow's sea conditions would let us start our cruise. Oh well, have another whisky, Dennis! Some time late into the night the wind and rain abated.

Sunday, August 30: Miraculously, by the time we packed up and arrived at Tenants Harbor the sun was shining and we were looking at a marvelous day and images of Danny quickly faded away. By a little past noon *Blue Mist* was fully loaded and ready to be off.

Cresting impressive 6' swells left over from Danny, sailing was perfect fun with 10kt-15kt southwesterly breeze from behind. Dennis had *Blue Mist* on a northeasterly heading, aiming for the Muscle Ridge Channel. There is a nice picturesque anchorage at the north end of Muscle Ridge, but that would mean stopping too soon. So, providing wind and tide hold out, we will continue across the western arm of Penobscot Bay to the White Islands. Though bucking a bit of a tidal current, we are making fast progress.

A sharp lookout is maintained for seals and porpoises. There, that dark blob bobbing amongst those brightly painted lobster trap buoys, is it a seal? Sometimes it is, and the cute face soon ducks beneath the surface, disappearing behind a big swirl. At other times we are fooled by a trap buoy, darker than usual. Porpoises are more elusive, but we manage to make one or two sightings while crossing. A couple of times in the past I've had the thrill of sighting a whale. But that is rare and not likely to happen within Penobscot Bay. Still, I keep hoping!

Named for the bright reflection of their shining granite shores, visible from many

miles out, the White Islands are a group of four small islands located on the west side of Vinalhaven Island. Remote, they are a marvelous wildlife sanctuary, devoid of human habitation. Osprey, surely bald eagles as well, reside here though I have not been lucky enough to spot an eagle. The islands create a small, snug harbor and are one of my favorite anchorages.

Because they are outlying islands, I was worried that a surge from the large ground swell might be rolling within the harbor. Indeed, we found the narrow entrance tricky, with waves washing high up the sloping rocks, causing surging. But once inside and anchored, *Blue Mist* rolled only slightly to a gentle swell. We had enjoyed a great day of sailing, covering approximately 15nm.

Also anchored in this small harbor was an attractive modest size ketch. All the while we were relaxing and making dinner (I cooked venison chili) she showed no signs of life. However, as dusk was settling, two people headed out in a dinghy to explore the shore of the nearby island. Upon their return, we hailed them. I was utterly surprised to learn it was Curtis Rindlaub and his wife, Carol Cartier. Curtis, who has taken over editorship of *A Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast*, is also the author and publisher of *Main Coast Guide—Casco Bay*, a guide specifically aimed at small boats. Many of our Wayfarer cruising gang found this guide to be a handy resource at our last Hermit Island rally.



The Rindlaub's 35' ketch *Indigo*, White Islands.

Headed for Hurricane Island with a light breeze from behind. Behind Dennis are the picturesque White Islands.



Swells welling up and breaking on a shoal leaving a trail of froth running off to leeward.

The Rindlaubs are as surprised as we to run across one another in this manner. Though we have never met, Curtis immediately identified me from *Blue Mist*. With the two boats' gunwales nearly touching, the four of us enjoyed a pleasant conversation with Curtis keenly recalling some of the email exchanges with our gang prior to Hermit Island. No motor on the dinghy, Carol effortlessly rows back to their ketch, fitting, I think, for a guy who enthusiastically encourages small boat cruising.

It is only 8pm but darkness has long ago engulfed us and now the air is definitely cooling down. The nighttime temperature will be dropping into the 50's. It is time to pull the boom tent back over the transom. With the outside world walled out, the cockpit is transformed into a peaceful, comfortable cabin.

Dennis switches on his LED headlamp and begins to read. His book is *Stalking the Blue-Eyed Scallop* by Euell Gibbons, more about that later. For a while I continue to sit up and just let my mind wander, enjoying a whiskey. *Blue Mist* rocks ever so gently, with the sea making occasional soft gurgling noises against her hull. Dennis's head has dropped to his chest, headlamp still shining. Soon I, too, am fast asleep. It has been an exhausting day.

Monday, August 31: A high pressure system will dominate throughout the week, providing the best stretch of pleasant sunny weather Maine has enjoyed all summer. We are up and moving by 6am, amazing for me. During breakfast, a gentle morning breeze greets us out of the north. It is a wonderful day to be on Penobscot Bay.

Hurricane Island Outward Bound School was deserted.



serious fishing port and home to some big offshore fishing vessels. These boats are entirely different from the everyday lobster fishermen. Looking at the gear on the boats in Carvers Harbor, I have little clue to how they fish or what they catch. But they are impressive.

For a Wayfarer, Carvers Harbor is an interesting place to visit, but not to stay. The sail from Hurricane Island to Carvers Harbor again is short. We tie up at the town landing and stay just long enough to buy a couple of 2½gal water jugs at the supermarket.

Departing Carvers Harbor, we resume our easterly trek, headed for fascinating Merchants Row. Rounding the southern tip of Vinalhaven Island, we find that the afternoon southwesterly has filled in nicely, pushing us along at 5 knots or better.

Scattered throughout Merchants Row there are many terrific anchorages I've enjoyed over the years. By now, though, it is getting into the afternoon. So I decide the well-protected harbor at Merchant Island, though popular and frequented by bigger boats, is the best choice for the night. It is the closest and most direct destination from Vinalhaven.

Approaching Merchant Island, we can see that the incoming tide has already covered the harbor bar. This poses an irresistible temptation to "tweak" some noses on a couple of big yachts already anchored inside. "Forget rounding the island," I say to Dennis, while lifting the centerboard part way. "Let's cut across the bar!" Running full tilt we arrive, round up sharply, luff the sails and drop the big Bruce anchor precisely where we want it. Venturing a glance at the rich man yachts across the way, I inwardly puff my chest, "can you guys do that?!" Even having made two stops, our day's distance made good is approximately 15nm.

Tonight was Dennis' turn to cook. He made a delicious dinner of huge proportions, Indian Corn Stew. It entailed quite a few cans of stuff, but only one pot. Dennis likes to cook and has a number of great camping recipes. He's a great guy to have as a shipmate, in all respects.

Again the night is sparkling clear, the stars are spectacular and soon joined by an oversize moon, approaching full. Tides will exceed 10' the next couple of days.

Tuesday, September 1: Greeting us is brilliant sunshine and a cloudless sky. This promises to be a light air day, unusual for Maine, but so is such phenomenal weather! Following the necessary morning landing on Harbor Island, one of the places where travelers are allowed to go ashore, we head out in zephyrs that barely provide steerage. The sea is perfectly flat.

Setting expectations low, I decide to aim for Burnt Coat Harbor on Swans Island, a distance of about 10nm to the east. Should the afternoon southwesterly decide to kick in we can re-evaluate. Meanwhile, judging from our progress relative to the lobster trap buoys, *Blue Mist* is getting a pretty decent push from the tide. This surprises me. Though the tide is falling, we are being carried eastward. According to Taft, with an ebbing tide we would expect the current to run westerly, the tide should have been foul! Though still a mystery to me, the half-knot or so of free ride was a significant benefit.

By early afternoon the lighthouse outside Burnt Coat Harbor is about a mile away. But we have been resorting to the oars on and off. As we get closer, we are thankful that a slight breeze fills in, allowing us to sail

into the harbor in a dignified fashion. Working our way inside, the channeling effect of the long narrow harbor seems to create more wind, this has us scratching our heads. We are tempted to turn back but wisely decide to stay put.



Hockmack Head Lighthouse, Swans Island.

Burnt Coat Harbor is another of my favorite places. I've sailed into it a number of times. A fascinating lobstermen's harbor, it is also beautiful and picturesque and, being far from the mainland, it hasn't changed much during the period of time I've known it.

I confess. I love a chance to show off. Making a smart landing under full sail into a tight spot on the Lobster Co-op's float was one of those times. It isn't without risk, but showing some clever boat handling has never hurt. Few lobstermen know a lot about sailing and, as a rule, they're all business with no time for chitchat, but you can tell they respect good boat handling and seamanship. Just watch how they like jockeying their boats around in close quarters. They are not the least timid and relish "gunning" the engine!



A tight landing spot at the Lobster Co-op.

As a dinghy sailor I've always been treated with respect by lobstermen. Many times I've been allowed to tie up for the night at a spare mooring. "Yachtsmen" don't typically get that kind of consideration.

Space is always limited, so when landing at a lobster pound or co-op I'm very careful to choose an out-of-the-way spot. Then I quickly introduce myself and make sure it's OK to stay where I am. For a dinghy cruiser, landing at a lobster pound or co-op means an opportunity to use their port-a-potty as well as stretch one's legs ashore.

When we arrived in the early afternoon the Co-op was bustling. Boats were just beginning to bring in their catch. Dockhands were busy sorting, weighing and recording lobsters, then transferring them to temporary holding pens. One after another, a steady line of lobstermen came in.

Following unloading, as needed, some boats moved to the fueling station or took on barrels of fresh bait. An awful lot of lobsters were coming off the boats and it occurred to me that we must have arrived at a peak fishing period. Of course, I was also informed that the price had just gone up.

Most of what I know about lobster fishing comes from observations I've made while cruising. I'm not an expert. Nevertheless, I rarely tire of watching the activity at a lobster pound.



Burnt Coat Harbor Lobster Co-op.

These days it seems that most lobster pounds are co-ops, which are owned and operated by the lobstermen themselves. Independent lobster pounds that buy directly from the lobstermen appear to be on the decline. Co-ops are able to exercise more control over market price by such means as holding back the catch, and can manage costs more effectively. In other words, the middleman has been eliminated.

Fresh lobsters are shipped out by refrigerated truck, while diesel fuel and trailer loads of smelly frozen bait fish are brought in. It is the bait fish that makes a lobster pound stink so badly. At Swans Island everything ultimately comes or goes by ferry from the mainland.

When locals want lobsters they go to the nearest lobster pound. However, you have to get there in the afternoon. Lobstermen start their day around 5am and the Co-op is usually closed by 4pm. I've learned that the hard way. Also learned the hard way there's little chance of getting any sleep in the early morning hours when anchored around lobster boats.

The woman managing the Co-op dock tells me she'll be working late so we'll be OK waiting until 4pm to pick up lobsters. That gives Dennis and me a couple of hours to take a walk around the harbor and then go for a short sail to figure out where to anchor for the night. We don't want to be amongst the lobster boats. Taken by the beauty of the harbor, I shoot lots of pictures.

Buying the lobster results in some confusion. The lingo, it seems, has changed some from the past. They don't have any "hard shell," just the soft "new shell." "That's OK," I say. But having less meat in the shell means I want to go bigger, like around two-pounders. Her face is blank, "You want jumbos?" she says. Hesitating for half a second, I say, "Yah, let's do that," not knowing exactly what I've agreed to.

In the end everything works out fine. I walk away lighter in the wallet but with two monster, possibly 2½lb, lobsters. Yes, she weighed them! As soon as the anchor is set, I take the lobsters from the bucket, place them in a net bag and dump them over the side. Lobsters need to be cooked live and they will not survive long in a bucket.

Relaxing with a beer before dinner, we are treated to the sight of a majestic windjammer sailing in under full canvas. She is flying all her topsails and strikes a marvelous pose. Along the way we've been sighting various

members of Maine's windjammer fleet, but they have always been off in the distance. Later we learned this schooner is the *Heritage*. We enjoyed having her company.



Heritage arriving under full sail.

The *Heritage* has with her a long boat that is spritsail rigged, as well as what appears to be a push boat. It may be she doesn't have a working engine, we don't know. It isn't long before the long boat is put out, filled with cruise passengers. There is a lot of laughter and shouting, they are having a ball sailing the much smaller vessel. We wonder, "is this the highlight of the day?" Toward dusk the sweet melodic sound of bagpipes drifts across to us. Too soon, however, the concert ends.

End of Part I

Coming up in Part II: Frenchboro, "stepping back in time," Buckle Harbor, "mussels galore;" Eggemoggin Reach, "meeting up with Chris and Jennifer, sailing W2414;" "the Barred Islands;" "North Haven Island;" High Island, "one rough night!"

Wayfarer Camping, My Method

The wooden Mark I Wayfarer has a tremendous amount of stowage space in both the forward and aft compartments. I stow extra clothing, some foodstuff and sleeping gear forward, but nothing that will be needed while sailing as this compartment will be nearly impossible to access once underway. Foul weather gear and spare warm clothing (a change of clothing, long sleeved shirt, fleece jacket, etc) are kept in a waterproof cockpit bag that is always handy.

The aft compartment contains the first few days' food, the stove, fuel, fire extinguisher, cooking utensils, personal toiletry stuff and smaller items (such as the spare parts box) that I want to have handy. Larger pots and pans, water containers, the lunch/snack container, etc, are stowed in the cockpit. Some beer and wine are placed out of the way on the floor forward of the mast, where the seawater keeps the hull cooler, while the remainder goes into the bow compartment. A lot of gear staying in the cockpit, such as the cockpit tent, can be stuffed into the space underneath the foredeck in front of the mast, while still keeping the anchor bucket and extra lines clear.

When dinghy cruising where tides are small or don't exist, it is often possible to go ashore to prepare meals. On the coast of Maine this isn't practical, all cooking is done on board.



The photo shows how it's done. The stove stows inside the aft compartment. *Blue Mist*'s aft side benches were removed years ago, making the cockpit roomier. Not apparent in the picture, the boom tent is already over the forward part of the cockpit, creating a windbreak. For a small vessel, this arrangement works remarkably well.

After anchoring and furling the sails the cockpit tent goes on, but only partway, to form a small cuddy cabin. If there is a breeze blowing, this adds a good deal of protection and warmth. My cockpit tent is a simple single ridgepole design, but I've devised an uncomplicated false gooseneck that fits into the mast sail groove, allowing the boom to be raised about 6" higher. Following dinner and cleanup the sleeping gear is brought out from the forward compartment. The air mattresses lie on the floor and the aft bulkhead provides a backrest, it's a very comfortable bed! In the morning the process is reversed.

Indian Corn Stew A One Burner Recipe!

1 can each:

Whole kernel corn (drained)

Black beans, or beans of your liking (drained)

Condensed tomato soup

Diced tomatoes optional

1 medium onion (sliced or diced)

1 envelope taco seasoning

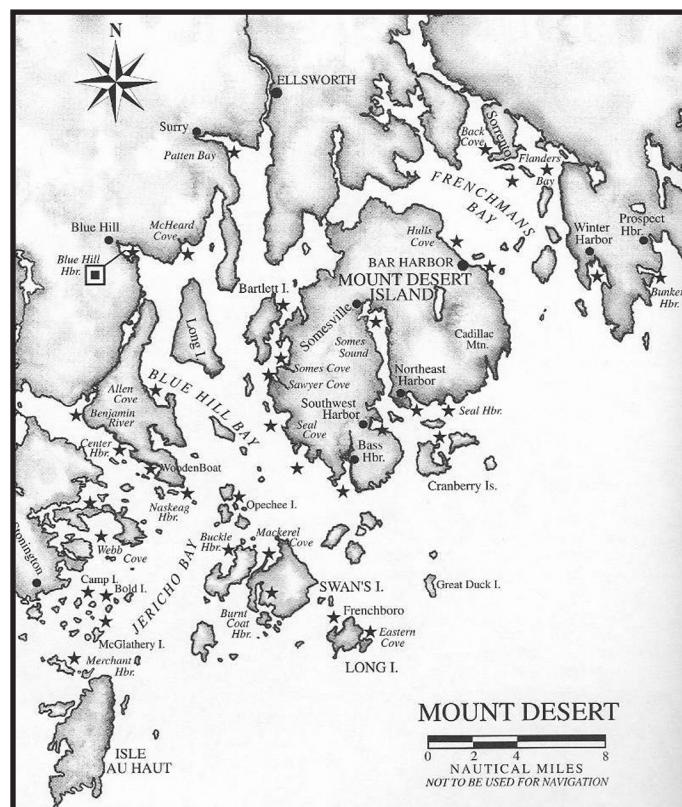
1lb ground beef, pork, venison or turkey (I think Dennis substituted canned corned beef)

1 pepper, green/red/hot, or some of each

Grated cheddar cheese (mild or sharp)

Sautee ground meat, onions and peppers. Add remaining ingredients but save cheddar cheese for topping. Simmer for ten minutes.

By Dennis Figley



After camping with several salty friends in the darkest prairie in Florida, sharing fellowship and stars, Ida and I rolled southward to Everglades National Park in search of solitary days of canoeing. We'd last been here on *Dugong*, the 26' sailing canoe Phil Bolger had designed for us. A hurricane had removed the motel and a dam and marina now separated Florida Bay from the inland Whitewater Bay. The campgrounds are much improved with sites more scattered and better served with larger bathrooms and cold showers.

Although the weather was unusually warm, a persistent drought had reduced the normally mean mosquito and gnat populations to hardly noticeable (this is a very rare condition. Several friends have described their immediate retreat upon arrival at Flamingo!) We knew enough to appreciate being outside during calm and quiet sunsets.

Now we were carrying a 19' Grumman square stern canoe atop our pop-up camper. It is the most boat Ida and I can carry and launch and cartop. In the Everglades we thought a small outboard would serve better than the sail rig. And because some squalls have filled our canoes faster than we could bail, we now have a full Hypalon fabric deck to snap on in case it rains hard. This deck also serves to significantly reduce windage and cool our stores.

Overnight permits are not required for boaters who sleep afloat in the Everglades Park. However, for those who plan to make camp ashore or on the elevated platforms (chickees) built over the water, permits are required and must be reserved, in person, for each night, in advance, and only one night per trip is permitted in each chickee. Multiple nights are permitted at some shore camps. This requires a float plan which one must stick to. Unless some interested party (not the Park administration) reports someone as "overdue" or "missing" the Park Service will not undertake a search. Neither do they expect your float plan to be closed with them.

Fortunately we were introduced to a very experienced Park volunteer named Ann who had finished over ten multiple nights solo trips in her Klepper sailing canoe. Although we had expected to include a couple of nights on Cape Sable beach before engaging with the navigational intricacies of the inner mangrove water passages and waterways, an anticipated cold front deterred us from including a camp along the exposed shores of the Cape.

Instead, Ann encouraged us to buy a nautical chart of the waterscape and plunge right into it. She pointed out that by staying at chickees we avoided any issues with the tides and the hungry and thirsty small mammals that occasionally ravage camp stores during those long cold nights ashore. She also encouraged us to vigilantly take written note of exactly where we thought we were. So we bought NOAA Chart #11433 and returned to our camper to plot an eight-day circumnavigation of Whitewater Bay.

As it turned out, this was pretty easy. Our daily paddling rate and the distances between selected chickees coincided. And the number of chickees, keeping to the one night on each, gave us an eight-day circular tour through the mangrove swamps beyond the margins of Whitewater Bay. Where the navigation was easy, the distances were further and where we were likely to have difficulty finding our way the distances were shorter.

Solitary Canoeing in the Everglades

By Ida Little and Michael Walsh

Now our uncertainty was how well might this monster canoe float and paddle with and eight-day load. Would there be room for our beach chairs? This was the first time we were launching this canoe that had been made in 1954. Would she have any distracting leaks? Would the 16 gallons of water, 2 gallons of fuel and our variety of stores make her a burden or slow to paddle? We'd learn pretty quickly. We could always return to Flamingo without completing the whole plan, unless we got lost. Aha! We had an old Garmin eTrex GPS as a fallback, we just had to figure out how to use it!



The 19' canoe at the Flamingo Marina.

As we motored under the mangroves of Buttonwood Canal and across Coot Bay (sunny, calm, hot and tedious) Ida did just that. Here we now had our position, our speed, miles traveled and a crooked line of bread crumbs (positions) laid down at automatic intervals, in case we needed to find our way back, in case we get lost. But there was no way this little cheapie would show us how to get to a destination to which we have not already been. For that we'd need a unit with internally loaded charts. So we did our own chart work. Once we got into the approach to Joe River, Ida had the unit pretty well down and we started paddling. By 3pm we had slipped through narrow passages in the mangroves and had South Joe River Chickee in sight. It appeared beautifully welcoming, except it appeared to already be occupied.

Rick and Ward were taking a break to catch some fish enroute to the North Joe River Chickee. We unloaded our gear as they cleaned up and paddled around the corner. Although they aren't supposed to be hungry during the winter, we first scouted for any alligators, then dove in for a very refreshing swim. It was still calm and hot. These conditions encourage mosquitos and no-see-ums. We immediately set about pitching the tent. We used line strung between the floorboards to tie the tent down. Leftover pesto pasta salad made supper fast and easy this first night out.

And even at sunset, with a mosquito coil burning, the bugs were not distracting. At 8pm we crawled into the tent. I read on in a Glades tale, *Totch*, while Ida recorded the day in a journal. We slept deeply, until 10:20pm.

We were shocked to be awakened by a very bright spotlight and the roar of about a hundred powerful horses roaring toward us. As a heavy boat rocked the platform, causing raised heartbeats, we both whispered "drunks" which coincided with a deep voice shouting, "Park Ranger! I'd like to see your permit."

Now this was an unexpected surprise. Where was that permit? Ida said, "Damn, it's in the canoe." We dressed and groveled around for it while Ranger Stevens watched and chatted like this was a regular routine.

Once satisfied, he politely asked, "Do you have plenty of water?" I really didn't want a discussion, but Ida was testy and responded with, "What if we didn't, do you carry some to spare us campers?"

Ranger Stevens responded, "Oh no, I'd simply urge you to return to Flamingo. It's not far. And the moon is clear. Have a good night." And off he roared.

Back in the tent Ida and I reviewed that visitation. We concluded that although the hour was out of the ordinary, he was probably delayed in his rounds and on his way home to Flamingo. We agreed that although we might not sleep as well, in some respects we did feel more secure knowing that the enforcers are keeping good order.

Nonetheless, we did manage to sleep nine hours that night. We awoke well refreshed and shared a leisurely coffee latte and hearty breakfast of granola spiced with nuts and dried fruits. North Joe River Chickee was not far, the river was fairly straightforward navigation, the air was warm and calm and the tide was in our favor. As there were no bugs, we dawdled and read and reorganized our stores more conveniently.

Once off and paddling northward Ida confidently read the chart and navigated us through creeks around some mangrove islands. We neither met nor heard any other boats. Our second chickee was a little secluded. While unloading we noticed that barnacles on the ladder were tearing at our canoe cover. We pushed homegrown cane poles into the bottom to fend off the canoe. As we hung the bedding to dry and help shade our camp, some dolphins swam by. We joined them briefly for a swim.

Another roar of a hundred horses approaching got us out and dressing quickly. Sure enough, Ranger Stevens again to check our permit, and share a friendly afternoon chat. It was much less intrusive than the previous permit check. Although it was New Year's Eve, we did feel that security was being exaggerated. Maybe there was something we didn't know? Maybe they were secretly checking on our well being? That night we heard only a barred owl hooting "who-cooks-for-youou." Although we had to waken early for a longer day tomorrow, we slept sweetly for nine hours.

To the Shark River Chickee we estimated was 17 miles. The navigation included some novelty in finding a narrow passage across a long stretch of open water. The anticipated cold front was expected that evening and the tidal current would be against us after the first hour. By now we'd learned we could paddle steadily at three knots, but we didn't think we'd enjoy that for more than five hours, especially with the strong con-

trary current in the Shark River. I filled the outboard. We got off by 9am.

When we reached the open waters of Oyster Bay the winds continued gently abeam. We noticed a few high-speed flats fishing boats making for the Gulf, an encouraging sign that gentleness would continue. Sure enough, as we paddled up the Shark River our energies did wane. We tied to an overhanging mangrove and snacked on some granola bars and some fruit juice while appreciating ibis, egrets, blue herons snacking nearby. Eventually we cranked our three horses and made five knots to the entrance of The Labyrinth and toward our chickee for a stormy night.

That left us with a few hours before darkness to prepare. Immediately we made a delicious hot meal of fried potato, onion, and cabbage topped with fried eggs and a little salsa. We put dessert off to later in favor of setting up the tent and bedding, covering and securing the canoe, securing our stores in the storm proven outhouse and reviewing our plan for getting through The Labyrinth the next day.



Shark River camp on a chickee.

We had been warned that navigating it would be dicey in that there were several channels that did go through, but there were many more dead ends and leads to somewhere else. We had two charts to study, to bring into agreement and from which to choose a through route to our destination. Then we agreed on the several channels and turns we had to mark in order to confirm our choice with the previous and the next identifiable channel or turn. Then we warmed up our suet pudding and hard sauce for dessert and went to bed. Again, we slept well and long through that wet and noisy night.

Dressed warmly after a cold, wet night.



The morning gloomed cold but dead calm and drying. We immediately dressed warmly, then started the stove for our latte and kept it burning to heat up oatmeal spiced with dried berries, chopped nuts and maple syrup. Retrieving our stash from the outhouse into the canoe didn't take long. We each packed our personal canoe stash with an apple, banana, orange, a granola bar and hot tea. We were paddling into The Labyrinth at 10am, now going unusually fast at over four knots with the tide and a fair wind pushing us.

It was fairly easy to keep track of our position on the chart by noting corresponding features by which we were paddling, points, islands, small and large channels to port or starboard and our heading along our chosen channel. But small changes did cause us pause, such as what had once been a point around which our channel turned was now an island around which our channel divided. And there were openings into attached lakes that had once been separated from our stream by a chain of mangroves. We would come to name these "aneurisms." We guessed that these and other non-conforming chart features had been caused by recent hurricanes. Gratefully there were none too many or we might still be finding our way back!

After two hours of concentration, uncertainty and deliberation it was a relief to have our narrow passage widen into open waters of northern Whitewater Bay and not far from our destination, the Watson River Chickee. Immediately we celebrated by drinking some hot tea and eating our oranges and granola bars. The sun was warming but the wind was up and chilling on our lee quarter as we paddled eastward. We did our best to keep in the lee of mangrove islands along the way. And there it was, our chickee for the night, facing northward. Low tide left little water behind it into which we worked the canoe.



Paddling out of the Labyrinth.

Open waters, solitary tree.



We needed more hot calories before making camp. We set up the stove in the outhouse and added orzo and sliced sausage into a pot of tomato basil soup. I did have to add a little wind proofing to the outhouse as the door was quite off the frame. In fact, the whole of this chickee appeared a little dilapidated. As I came from adjusting the flame lower, looking across into the westward distance, I noticed a large power boat approaching us.

"Uh oh, Ida, it looks like we're up for another visitation. Fishermen don't come out in this weather."

"Well, they didn't check on us yesterday. Or maybe they want to be sure we're warm enough."

Soon enough the marine ranger cops were upon us. They literally roared up. It was the first time we were visited by two in the boat. And the one that leapt onto the chickee with the painter in hand was an agile and attractive fair woman.

"Hi! I'm Sharon and that's Don. It sure is getting cold out here!" she said, looking at Ida.

"Please, let me show you our permit," suggested Ida with exaggerated enthusiasm.

"Well, that's not what we're here for. But since you suggest it, it would help us justify the stop. We just need to put on our foul weather gear and warmer shirts. It's going to get colder, and wetter, for us."

Don, who'd been pulling on his foul weather gear, remarked, "And I need to use the outhouse."

That reminded me of the soup. I strolled into the outhouse to recover it and to get the stove out of Don's way. Ida joined me at our chairs to share the pot. Sharon looked over our permit. Don went into the outhouse.

Sharon approached Ida and handed her the permits saying thoughtfully, "It looks like you're scheduled to be here tonight. This is really exposed to the weather and it's going to be much colder tonight. If there's nobody at the North River Chickee tonight, would you be willing to move there? It's much nicer and better sheltered and you're scheduled to move there tomorrow. Would you be willing to move?"

Don, coming out of the outhouse, noticed the outboard on the canoe and addressed me.

"It'd only take you about two hours. What were you doing in the outhouse?" Then to Sharon, "Sharon, you know the rules allow only one night at any chickee."

Ida, looking at Sharon, responded, "Yes, we'll just finish our lunch and be on our way."

I waved the soup pot toward Don, "I was getting our hot soup and getting the cook stove out of your way."

Sharon said, "Jesus Don, don't you think I know the rules? I've been a ranger for over 20 years. The spirit of the rules is to keep life fair, so if there's nobody scheduled to be at North River tonight, why not?"

Don said, "Oh, I took a big python outa that outhouse a couple of months back. Do you want to call headquarters or do you want me to?"

Ida took the soup from my chair table as she was asking, "How big?"

Sharon walked onto the boat, picked up the VHF and called Chickee Control. We couldn't hear what she was saying as she had her back to us. I took back the soup pot from Ida while Don outlined the python problem. Apparently they were eating too many raccoons.

Sharon jumped back on the chickee.

"I can't believe it! That little desk twerp asking me, a senior ranger with 20 years of experience, if I know the rules! Anyway, nobody's scheduled for tonight at North River so you two can have it for two nights. Tomorrow won't be fun paddling. It's a nicer chickee, better located, very private and withdrawn, with lots of rivers and ponds nearby to explore. Like here, it's up against a mangrove island, but with a little more room around it. And it's more remote. Nobody will bother you there."

Ida passed the soup to me and as she folded her chair. Don was getting into their boat. Ida looked Sharon straight in the eyes and said, "Thank you. We really appreciate your thoughtfulness."

Sharon jumped aboard and pulled on her foul weather as they roared away. We worked our boat out of its low tide nest. It was late and windy and cold as we pushed onward toward Hell's Bay.

Both of us assumed we'd get to the next campsite before dark. We started out paddling in our steady, casual style and very quickly realized that to reach our camp before dark we'd have to hurry. I realized that Sharon had expressly nodded toward our outboard when she said we could get there by evening. It was mid-afternoon but I couldn't shake the sense that time was getting away from us. I'd feel better with our chickee in sight.

Michael started up the motor while I pointed ahead to where a channel cut between the mangrove clumps. As we got closer, the opening appeared and we moved into a river. I was beginning to think there was nothing to navigating the watery maze. Ah, hubris. Because the winds were blustery northwest, few people had ventured out and I was appreciating the sense of solitude.

Mangrove stand at low tide.



Paddling the last squiggly and narrow part of the journey, we seemed to traverse a primeval landscape lit up with warm colored but cold feeling sunlight. When we reached the place where the chickee should be, according to the chart, there was nothing but mangroves. My heart did that little skip beat until we passed beyond a small root ball of mangroves that sheltered our platform from view. I think Conrad's allusion to the sweet feel of a landfall where a landfall was intended, fully applies here. There's nothing like knowing you are where you mean to be.

Now, day four, we were old hands at setting up camp. Michael passed up boxes and bags of gear then passed the lines to tie the canoe on the leeward side of the chickee. To protect the canoe from the barnacles, each of us poked a bamboo pole into the mud between canoe and dock. There was no jumping in the water today. Instead we pulled out sweat pants, foul weather pants, turtlenecks, hoodie jackets, wool socks and foul weather jackets. Then we were warm. Warm enough to watch the orangy colors of sun fade into the rising cool of a waxing moon.

Michael turned in his chair and asked, "Wine about the right temperature for you?"

"Oh yes, quite. And the brie? Creamy enough?"

"Mais oui."

I noticed that we were whispering. We were always whispering because it was so quiet.

After a hefty ten-hour sleep, mine filled with dreams as it would be every night of our trip, we awoke to the appreciation that we didn't have to pack up and move on. Not that our schedule demanded rushing. Nonetheless we were very glad to have a day off. Because of park rules we were lucky to have a chance to hang around and check out the 'hood.

After coffee and cereal, we loaded chairs, food, books and writing materials into the canoe. It was too cold to enjoy our chickee as it was exposed to the north. So we paddled a few yards in to the lee of a mangrove clump. Tied to limbs, we set up the chairs, stripped outer layers of clothes and appreciated a relaxed morning reading and writing accompanied by the musical gurgles of coots.

"We gotta find out where those guys are," I said to Michael, sitting behind me as if in a bus.

"Sounds like they're right over there," he said, pointing across some distant mangroves.

"Right."

"Though getting there may be the trick."

"Like getting where we want to be every day. Wrong channel could lead into another wrong channel then fork without our realizing it until we try to retrace our steps."

"Scary."

"Yeah."

"Ready?"

Each of us slipped lines off the mangroves and paddled forward towards a nearby creek. As we paddled through the curves into an increasingly narrow channel, the wind tapered off and all was still. I whispered to Michael, "Looks like a little egret off to the right."

Much of the afternoon we paddled the channel, looping through ponds and side creeks listening to the coots and never finding them. A 10' alligator sunning on the bank heard our approach and slithered into the water. Another slid out of the grasses and catapulted off the bank.



Mangrove stand at low tide.

"We scared them to death," I whispered, as we turned and headed back to camp.

I was already looking forward to the next day's journey, full of channels and small rivers through the mangroves. When we'd started this trip I'd been wary, but now I was full of anticipation.

Day 6 was our comeuppance. All along I had been the main navigator, sitting in the bow with a chart on my lap and a compass beside me. Up to today my courses and directions had been right on. The Labyrinth was supposed to have been the most challenging part of the trip but it had been a cinch.

As we shoved off from North River chickee, I knew all we had to do was more or less follow the starboard shore across the eponymous North River and very shortly come to The Cutoff. I'd referred to Johnny Malloy's *A Paddlers Guide to Everglades National Park* (2nd Edition) earlier and it had made the route look easy.

I lost track of bays, and time, and when we came to North River I was sure we'd already passed it so that this must be The Cutoff. But it didn't run southeast. I wanted to explain away the discrepancy but then Michael suggested that maybe we were just now at North River. "Oh no, I'm sure it was back there," I assured him, not whispering.

"Well?"

"Well. Give me a minute." I looked at the chart. He was right. This had to be North River.

"Okay. Let's say this is North River."

"Okay."

"Then we'll get to The Cutoff paddling straight ahead to the east," I said, slightly shaken. I hadn't realized how big a thing it is to feel confident. It's what kept me sure that if we were "here" then where we were headed would be "over there."

We paddled by a channel on our right, looking at a big weather station on our left. Not until we reached a dead end did we realize we must have passed the channel. Back we went the way we'd come, and when I saw the weather station I realized where we were on the chart, quickly looked the other way, and in that moment saw our channel. I thought about the saying:

GOOD JUDGMENT COME FROM EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE COMES FROM BAD JUDGEMENT.

We weren't finished with our lessons for the trip, but today's was about paying attention.

The narrow Cutoff led us gently into Robert's River. There, we got out and stretched our legs on the commodious double chickee platform. We looked for but did not find the hammock, or high ground, that had been used long ago by Seminoles. Around here, if nobody keeps a path or area clear, it's gone in no time. We did not go bushwhacking to find anything but I did check the privy for pythons.

From Roberts River we paddled southward to loop around and come east along the Lane River. Once we made the turn, a nice following wind helped us along. I twisted around in my seat, found the big Birelli transparent umbrella, (12 square feet), and popped it open. With that, an osprey overhead cried out from his nest and swooped down to take a look.

I stood up and held the umbrella in front of me, causing the canoe to pick up speed. This position, though a relief from sitting, was tiresome and intrusive to my vision. Seeing this, Michael suggested I hold the umbrella over my shoulder. I flipped it around and though it may have looked non functional, it pushed us along very well. Michael used a paddle to steer.

As we sailed up the river, we crossed courses with another canoe. The canoeists stared at us as they paddled furiously against the wind and tide and into the blasting sun, until one asked incredulously, "Are you using the umbrella for shade?"

"It's a sail," I answered, having to raise my voice to cover the distance now.

We sailed almost all the way to the next chickee. I was so engrossed with keeping the wind behind us that I almost navigated through the wrong channel; same lesson, different distraction.

At the Lane Bay chickee we were alone again except for a young red-shouldered hawk that roosted on a branch behind us. Dead calm with a rising moon at twilight. Life had become so simple, especially since we didn't even have to hunt or gather. Our days were full of fixing food, striking camp, paddling and finding our way, securing the canoe, fixing food and pitching camp. Birds, clouds, mangroves, water, heat, cold, wind, sounds occupied our thoughts and conversation. At night I my dreams were filled with the meditative furnishings of nature.

We took off from Lane Bay at a leisurely pace, knowing we only had to cover about five miles. I was sure the days of not finding our way were behind us. I wouldn't get distracted today. And I didn't. We still got lost.

Michael was steering a course to take advantage of the breeze and in no time I lost track of landmarks. Though I was sure the two islands we sailed by and lined up to the north pointed to the channel opening, they didn't. Michael dug his paddle into the water and we did a 180° back to the chickee.

Appropriately named Hells Bay proved hellish to reach. On our second, more devotedly focused attempt, we found the right channel, hidden behind a point that obscured the former gap shown on our chart. Things change. Even with a charted GPS these discrepancies would be a challenge. Still, I was glad to be navigating by eye, compass and chart rather than a screen. No tension, no release. And we enjoyed lots of ecstatic relief.

Once we were on track, the shore and islands and channels appeared where they should be. Back in the days when locals hunted alligators for their hides (as described



Umbrella sailing on Lane's River.



A calm Hell's Bay.

in the autobiography *Totch*), they had only their own experience to guide them. Most of the chickee sites and names are remnants of old hunting and fishing camps.

I was thinking about this when we entered Hells Bay proper and ahead I heard the distinct sound of rapids. The air was so still, the water so glassy and the possibility of rapids so impossible, that I didn't believe my ears.

"You hear that?" I asked.
"I do."

In unison we paddled towards the sound until we got within earshot of thousands of coots whacking their wings against the water

as they raced in a pack. Thanks to the abundance of birds, gators and dolphin, the Everglades still feel wild. It is one of the places on earth that we want to explore while the exploring is good.

As we sailed towards the double chickee at Hells Bay, I saw that a man and kayak were already there. As we approached the platform, Jim offered to take some pictures of us sailing. Looking at the pictures later, I could see how I looked like a lady out for a spin with my sun protective parasol.

This was our second shared chickee of the trip. Ranger Ann had helped us choose our chickees for maximum privacy and iso-

Our second shared chickee at Hell's Bay.



lation. Since we were now getting close to Flamingo, we'd expected company here. And once again, the experience was so good it was like having our own living quarters with a really interesting neighbor to whisper with... or not.

"Where you coming from?" I asked Jim as he hauled his kayak out of the water.

"Everglades City."

"I mean today."

"Oh, Shark River. I'm doing about 20 miles a day, I figure. Should take me about ten days to do the round trip, Everglades City to Flamingo and back."

I said a little prayer that he wouldn't ask us where we'd come from and how many miles we made a day.

We had apparently been very good this past year as Jim did not pursue the conversation, the weather held steady and the bugs laid low. On our last night in a chickee the evening light on the water glowed as our little rapids makers cooed by. The moon rose bright and full into a darkening sky.

Recommended References:

NOAA Chart 11433 covering Whitewater Bay area

A Paddlers Guide to Everglades National Park, 2nd Ed, by Johnny Molloy

Paddling the Everglades Wilderness Waterway, by Holly Genzen

Sibley's Guide to the Birds of North America

Totch: A Life in the Everglades, by Loren G. "Totch" Brown

Gladesmen: Gator Hunters, Moonshiners, and Skiffers, by Glen Simmons and Laura Ogden

If you want to make landings or camp on land sites, our book *Beachcruising and Coastal Camping* has exhaustive how to descriptions and lists, including current updates.

All these are available from Amazon.

Recommended Equipment:

VHF

Chairs

Head lamps

GPS or charts and compass

Lightweight carbon fibre paddles

Self supporting tent or one that can be secured with lines

Background:

After decades of canoe camping in the Canadian wilderness and beach cruising in the US, Bahamas and West Indies, Michael and Ida now migrate between Florida and Cape Cod, sailing, paddling and camping all the year 'round.

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Solo sailor Matt Rutherford is on the final leg of his record-breaking trip around the Americas, attempting to raise \$250,000 for CRAB Handicapped Sailing. With supplies running low and equipment failures becoming more frequent, Matt is 8 months and 20,000 miles into his solo sail around North and South America. He has passed Rio de Janeiro off the coast of Brazil and is steering north for his final destination, Chesapeake Bay. His network of supporters hopes that he and his 27' sailboat, *St. Brendan*, hold together that long.

Rutherford's 25,000-mile journey is roughly equivalent to the distance around the earth's equator. He is making this incredible trip to raise \$250,000 (\$10 for each nautical mile) for Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB), an Annapolis, Maryland, nonprofit that makes sailing available to persons with disabilities.

After 254 days at sea, much of his equipment is broken or jury-rigged. His engine starter no longer works, making him completely dependent on sail. The bilge pump is kaput, so he bails bilge water with a can. His freighter radar for detecting oncoming ships, solar panels for powering electronics and VHF radio for talking to other vessels are also no longer functioning. Not able to generate power, he can't even turn on his laptop to check the weather or post blog entries via satellite. And the last hand-pumped desalinator, his only source of drinking water, is making strange noises.

"I've lost my Bernard Moitessier mindset, thinking of sailing endlessly in an oceanic utopia," he wrote on February 22. "It's been replaced by a much more realistic idea that I need to get back to land before this whole boat falls apart. I'm sailing close to the edge and it wouldn't take much for me to go over."

Battered & Worn

After 20,000 Miles and 254 Days At Sea

From CRAB

The situation has gotten so bad that an emergency resupply is being launched from the port city of Recife, Brazil. He will receive a handle to manually start his engine, a bilge pump, a desalinator and lights.

Rutherford has sailed through some of the most dangerous seas on earth, including the ice-filled Northwest Passage and storm-tossed Cape Horn. The grueling trip is taking its toll on him and *St. Brendan*. He stands 10-hour shifts at the helm, handles the rigging in every kind of weather and, when he isn't snatching some sleep in his damp bunk, he is on watch. And all on a 36-year-old Albin Vega sailboat designed for weekend jaunting, not circling continents.

When he finishes the last 5,000-mile stretch of his journey, the 30-year-old Maryland resident will earn a singular place in the record books. He will be the first person to solo sail around North and South America, completing the trip in about 300 days. And in all that time he will not have stopped at a port, dropped anchor, left his boat or had another person on board.

As amazing a feat as this will be, Rutherford is chiefly motivated to show people, particularly those with disabilities, that there are no limits to what can be accomplished in life. He is also raising money for Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB), a nonprofit sailing program for people with disabilities based in Annapolis, Maryland.

The nonprofit hopes to raise \$250,000 which will go toward retrofitting CRAB's current fleet of four sailboats, purchasing new handicap-accessible racing boats and modifying fishing boat for wheelchair accessibility. So far, there is still a way to go on fundraising, much like Matt's journey. Donations can be made online at www.crab-sailing.org or by calling (410) 626-0273.

"We are extremely proud of Matt and grateful for his dedication to our cause," said Don Backe, executive director and founder of CRAB. "Because of his journey, many disabled people will get to experience the thrill of sailing on the Chesapeake Bay, gain confidence and improve their overall lives."

A big welcome home party is planned when Rutherford drops anchor at the National Sailing Center & Hall of Fame dock in Annapolis on or near April 14. His friends from CRAB, a large section of the Mid-Atlantic sailing community, city and state officials and hundreds of other supporters will cheer him and his remarkable achievement.

To track Rutherford's progress, map his course and read his ongoing blog about the trip, go to <http://www.solotheamericas.org/>.

About CRAB

Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB) is a non-profit organization based in Annapolis, Maryland, that provides opportunities for people with physical and developmental challenges to experience boating on the Chesapeake Bay. Founded by Don Backe in 1991, CRAB maintains a fleet of Freedom Independence 20 sloops, which are designed specifically for use by mobility-challenged persons. To learn more about CRAB, visit: www.crab-sailing.org.

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The International Scene

When Iran threatened to get nasty, the US Navy passed carrier battle groups through the Strait of Hormuz. Seeing no military advantage in having European ships taking part, the US Navy preferred an all-American response. Great Britain wanted to participate but was turned down. The French insisted on participating and sent the frigate *La Motte-Picquet*. So the Brits decided that "Britain must participate, too, regardless of the military importance" and sent the frigate *HMS Argyll*, thus preserving "the Special Relationship" between the US and Great Britain, a relationship that has come under doubt during Barack Obama's presidency.

Most of the world's largest container ships serve Europe but some are being shifted to trans-Pacific routes, possibly to force increases in freight rates.

Outfitting the entire world fleet by the end of the decade with equipment to kill invasive species in ballast water is physically impossible and would cost \$74 billion. So predicted one group.

It has been long recognized that the suppression of regional piracy largely depends on the existence of a stable Somalian government. It is yet to be created but, encouragingly, regional Somali authorities are now hiring private security firms to provide counter-piracy forces. Puntland is creating its own maritime police force thanks to substantial financial aid from the United Arab Emirates, while the Transitional Federal Government of Somalia is forming its own anti-piracy task force with financing from international donors and a French sovereign wealth fund.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks: A Sampling

Ships sank: The Chinese freighter *Xinyuanshun 6* was carrying 5,000 tonnes of pottery clay to the coastal Shandong province when it sank off the coast of Chongwu in Fujian province, drowning eight crewmembers and leaving another two missing. The capsizing might have been caused by shifting cargo.

In Greece, the small product tanker *Alfa 1* capsized and sank west of Athens, possibly from hitting an old shipwreck. The master died while the other ten of the crew survived.

Ships ran aground: In Texas, the platform supply vessel *Miss Pearl* managed to run up onto the west side of the Sabine jetties until it was almost completely out of the water. The four-man crew suffered a variety of injuries from the sudden stop and was helicopter evacuated to a local hospital. About 4,000 gallons of fuel were spilled.

In Western Australia, while under control of a pilot, the product tanker *Challenge Prelude* ran aground at Dampier Port. (The port was created in the '60s to handle iron ore shipments for Rio Tinto and it also exports salt, produced in nearby evaporation beds, and petroleum gasses.)

The container ship *MSC Carole* ran aground off Jakarta for as yet unexplained reasons. The crew was OK and no oil was spilled but the first attempt to pull the ship off the reef failed.

Ships collided: In Belfast Lough, the coaster *Union Moon* T-boned the ferry *Stena Feronia*. The coaster master was drunk and both vessels will need extensive repairs.

Fire and explosion took a toll: In Finland at Hamina, the container ship *Bianca Rainbow* experienced an explosion in the engine room. Nobody was hurt since the space was unmanned at the time.



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Life at Brazil's Antarctic research station has been eventful. In December, a small fuel barge capsized and sank while being towed by four small boats in bad weather. None of the 10,000 litres of diesel fuel has leaked out. Then a fire starting in the station's generator room killed two Navy personnel and forced helicopter evacuation of 44 to Chile's station. The burns of a third man were treated at Poland's Antarctic station and then he was transferred to the Chilean station.

In Ajman (the smallest of the seven emirates forming the United Arab Emirates), a short-circuiting industrial vacuum cleaner caused a ship fire that killed three and seriously burned another five workers.

Ships collided: The 3,000-teu container ship *MOL Maneuver* collided with the 6,700-teu container ship *Zhen He* while both were underway in open waters southeast of Hong Kong. No injuries, no oil spilled, some damage and each proceeded on its way.

Humans died: A female dockworker was killed at Port Newark when caught between containers being unloaded from a ship.

At Portland, Oregon, a worker on the barge *D/B Boaz* fell into a tank and drowned. Responders used a camera to confirm the body was in the tank and then pumped out the toxic, corrosive lignin amine so two people in hazmat clothing could be lowered into the tank to remove the body.

People were rescued: In bad weather, an Iranian sailing dhow capsized in the Persian Gulf, triggering a search and rescue effort. The coastal patrol boats *USS Firebolt* and the *USCGC Maui* found one survivor and parts of the bodies (sharks?) of three others of the dhow's crew of six.

The bulk carrier *Global Bay* was more than 200 miles south of Dutch Harbor, Alaska, when it asked for help because it had a crew-member suffering from abdominal pain and possible appendicitis. The bulker was told to close towards Dutch Harbor so a Coast Guard helicopter on the cutter *Alex Haley* could make a mercy run. The man was medevacced and, after stopping at the *Alex Haley* to refuel, the chopper took the man to Dutch Harbor and a connection with a commercial medical flight. (The chopper was on the *Alex Haley* because the Coast Guard tries to maintain search and rescue ready assets in the Bering Sea due to the harsh weather and job hazards experienced by those who work in that environment.)

And a Coast Guard helicopter flew more than 300 miles from Clearwater, Florida, into Cuban waters to evacuate a 44-year-old man off the *Carnival Liberty*. He was suffering from abdominal pains. The ship, although American owned, is Panamanian flagged, which may explain why Cuba didn't raise a fuss about the intrusion of the chopper!

Gray Fleets

Recently the British Prime Minister pontificated that, "The Royal Navy is going to pack a huge punch in the future...we are

going to have a very, very capable Royal Navy." But the only fixed wing carrier (*HMS Ark Royal*) and all the Harrier GR9s capable of flying from it were axed, as were four highly capable Type-22 frigates. One of the Navy's two LPDs (amphibious ships) has been placed into extended readiness for three years and the *Astute*-class submarine construction program has been slowed. By 2015 the Royal Navy will have just 30 frontline ships, compared with nearly 100 at the time of the Falklands War in 1982.

The British nuclear powered attack submarine *HMS Talent* has been experiencing exciting events lately. First, hydraulic shutter doors protecting the mast suddenly closed on the head of an engineer and he was trapped for a few minutes. He had minor injuries. Six days later, fire broke out onboard. Authorities refused to disclose the fire's location.

In 1998 Canada purchased four mothballed Diesel-electric submarines and the secondhand subs have been trouble prone ever since. The four were originally purchased from Britain for \$890 million but estimates put repairs since at close to the same figure. *HMCS Victoria* is currently doing sea trials that include firing torpedoes. *HMCS Chicoutimi* and *HMCS Windsor* are being refitted and will be in the water by the end of next year, while *HMCS Cornerbrook* is in extended maintenance until 2016. The subs must soldier on to at least 2030. But good news, planners will start thinking about their replacements some time in the next four years.

A South Korean firm will build three submarines for Indonesia. The 1,400-ton Diesel-powered vessels will have eight torpedo tubes capable of emitting torpedoes, mines or guided missiles and a crew of 40. Deliveries will be in the first half of 2018.

The Maverick air-to-ground missile saw combat in the Vietnam War, the Yom Kippur war and other conflicts but has been out of production for more than two decades. Now the laser guided version is back in production. It is effective against frigate size ships, small moving boats, tanks, fortified personnel and fast moving vehicles maneuvering in excess of 70mph.

White Fleets

It has not been a good year for Costa Cruises. A major contributor to the *Costa Concordia* fiasco may have been that the master didn't have his glasses with him and had to repeatedly ask the first officer to adjust the scale of the radar so the master could see. Or so it was revealed at the first post-wreck inquiry.

A generator room fire crippled the *Costa Allegra* while more than 200 miles off the East African Seychelles Islands. First to arrive on scene was the French purse seine tuna catcher *Trevignon*, which took the cruise ship in tow. Two tugs arrived soon after but the French fishing vessel, possibly with thoughts of salvage, refused to transfer the tow. (It was later revealed that the *Costa Allegra* had a history of fire violations so an appropriate award might be \$1 million.) It maintained a creditable six knots, a surprising accomplishment for a vessel designed more for speed than pull, but the three-day tow to Mahe took several hours longer than necessary.

In the interim, helicopters delivered fresh bread, 400 flashlights and satellite phones, but the lack of electrical power on

the cruise ship meant the 627 passengers tended to cluster on deck in any available shade rather than retreat to their non-air conditioned cabins, which were often smelly from unflushable toilets. A company spokesman did optimistically note that the six-knot towing speed of the ship "creates a slight breeze, making the situation more comfortable."

And a third Costa cruise ship had smaller problems. A cigarette started a fire in a cabin on the *Costa Voyager* while in the Red Sea. A sprinkler quickly took care of the fire, but the carpet needed to be replaced.

The cruise ships *Adonia* (3,250 passengers) and *Star Princess* (2,580 pax) were denied entry to Argentina's southernmost port of Ushuaia "for political reasons" and had to continue on to Chile. Both had just stopped at the Falkland Islands.

The *Queen Mary 2* had two power outages while voyaging from Port Louis to Fremantle. The first lasted for 25 minutes. The second, in rough weather, lasted about 10 minutes. Passengers were inconvenienced only momentarily by the loss of lights and TV but the engines took more than eight minutes to resume propelling the vessel. "Routine maintenance carelessness" was blamed for both outages.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Scotland, strong winds drove the Oban-Mull ferry *Isle of Mull* into the pier at Oban. No injuries to the 177 passengers. A few days earlier a strong gust drove the *Caledonian Isles* into the pier at Androssan. The master had the ferry tied off to the pier until winds abated and about an hour later the ferry berthed and landed its 277 passengers.

Also in Scotland, a landslide before Christmas closed A890 so the highway was replaced by a six-car ferry. Then motorists faced a 180-mile detour because the *Glenachulish* ran aground. The thrifty Highland Council had the ferry beached at high tide so repairs could be made.

In the Philippine, the *Cebu Ferry* had an onboard fire after leaving Batangas 60 miles south of Manila and two Coast Guard vessels responded. The ferry's 43 passengers, including one child, were safely transferred to the ferry *Supercat-38*.

While en route from Lae to Rabaul in Papua, New Guinea, the ferry *Kimbe Queen* ran aground on a reef off West New Britain. The 30 passengers were evacuated by boats provided by the Hargy Palm Oil Company, and the ferry was refloated later that day.

Greek bureaucracy and problems faced by ferry companies could mean that a number of Aegean islands will be without ferry service this summer. Fuel costs have gone up 44% since 2010 and are expected to increase, and passenger and vehicle traffic has been down.

In Lagos a sudden but seasonal overabundance of water hyacinth, a pernicious waterweed, has been denying ferries access to their berths and thus commuters had to find alternative ways to get to work. Also affected were fishing boats. The government took actions to clear the affected waterways.

Legal Matters

In New Zealand, the master and second officer of the wrecked container ship *Rena* admitted willfully perverting justice by altering various ship's documents after the vessel grounded. Both also pleaded guilty to

operating a vessel in a manner that caused unnecessary risk. The master also admitted that he was responsible for discharging harmful substances from the vessel. Several years of jail time and sizable fines seem to be in their near futures.

When the bulkier *Laconia* arrived at Astoria, Oregon, a customs agent thought the master was drunk and soon after the Coast Guard agreed and also found open alcohol containers in his stateroom. The master's blood alcohol level was well above legal limit for a ship operator and he was taken into custody. He was sentenced to pay a \$500 fine and one-year probation during which he must stay out of US waters.

The 1989-built *Global Star* was detained at Plymouth, UK, after port state control inspectors found 19 deficiencies, four bad enough so as to constitute grounds for detention. The ship jumped detention and authorities in Europe, North America and Egypt were asked to keep their eyes open for the Mongolian-flagged chemical tanker. Authorities at the Suez Canal may spot the ship since it was originally bound for Alang for scrapping.

Perhaps because he was towing two barges, the master of the Volga River tugboat *Dunaisky-66* opted not to go to the assistance of the sinking river cruise ship *Bulgaria* when it capsized and sank in a storm last July. At least 122 people died. He was fined 190,000 rubles (about \$6,000) by a city court.

Nature

Satellite tracking data suggests that most dolphins rescued during recent mass strandings in New England survived their ordeal.

Marine scientists and a commercial telecommunications company are exploring deployment of sensors along a deep sea cable and using the cable to send data such as the size and direction of passing tsunamis. The initial project may use a cable route spanning 12,950 kilometers (8,105 miles) from Sydney to Auckland and across the Pacific Ocean to Los Angeles. Initial efforts may use seismometers, pressure gauges and temperature sensors.

Greenpeace activists, including Xena actress Linda Lawless, swarmed over the drill rig *Noble Discovery* at Port Taranaki, New Zealand, and set up light housekeeping atop the 53-metre drilling tower for several days. Eventually seven activists were arrested, reportedly for burglary. The rig was about to set off for the Sea of Chukchi off Alaska where it would have drilled three exploratory wells.

In the Antarctic, Sea Shepherd activists managed to get a rope into the propeller of the "research" vessel *Yushin Maru No. 2*, slowing it to some extent. The anti-whaling activists also threw smoke, producing flares and bottles of butyric acid (these stinkbombs spoil any whale meat it comes in contact with and make it almost impossible to work on the deck) onto the ship, and it responded by feebly spraying water and issuing warnings. The "fun" lasted about two hours and nobody was hurt.

Metal-Bashing

Exxon Mobil sold for scrapping its tanker *S/R Long Beach*, the last single-hulled tanker in the Alaska crude oil trade. The 1987-built, 214,853 dwt vessel was reflagged to Tuvalu on January 31 and its name short-

ened to *Beach*. By now it may have been scrapped, probably in China.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

A British researcher concluded that 30% of a typical ransom goes to the Somalian pirates themselves, 10% to their shore-based support, 10% in bribes to local communities and 50% to bosses, often safe in foreign countries. But local economies have been boosted, the exchange rate is better, real wages have risen and inflation is down, all due to hard work by pirates. Another conclusion by the researcher was that the revenue from a typical ransom was roughly equivalent to exporting 1,650 head of cattle.

A commercial anti-piracy center recently established in the UK by a private firm will be manned by ex-Royal Navy warfare specialists and intelligence experts. The center can warn clients, such as shipping companies and charterers, if their vessels are standing into peril. Its intelligence warnings can also save, so the company claims, an average of two to four days of transit time and the hiring of physical security guards at \$90,000 to \$220,000 per voyage.

Conflicting accounts told how a six-man Italian military security force on the Italian tanker *Enrica Lexie* fired at a threatening pirate boat in Indian waters but hit nobody. Or maybe it was the Indian fishing boat *St Anthony* the military fired at, killing two fishermen. India arrested the tanker and two of the security force. The two countries then argued about where the two Italian marines should be tried.

Odd Bits

Archeologists are searching for 13 privately owned British transport service vessels burned and sunk in Newport Harbor, Rhode Island, when that port was blockaded by the French Navy in 1778. Somewhere among the wrecks is *HMB Endeavour*, British explorer Capt James Cook's vessel. *Endeavour* was later used as a Navy store ship and in 1775 was sold to a private owner who offered the vessel back to the British transport service under the new name of *Lord Sandwich*.

A recent Tanzanian government decision forced the ferry company that links Kilombero and Ulanga districts to carry only 20' containers and a maximum of 50 tons at a time. These restrictions are limiting shipments by Africa's largest grower of teak. The company has a backlog of more than 100 containers and has suspended sale and export of some products.

If ships go into Arctic waters, a trade group wants to see them equipped with the crisis management products of its members. These include a built-in system of fast oil recovery piping that would greatly simplify the removal of fuels from a stricken ship, magnetic patches to cover ice made holes in hulls, valves that allow passage of water but not pollutants and specialized submersible pumps.

Head-Shaker

Danish authorities noted that the small container ship *Danica Hav* was standing into danger at Sjællands Odde, a long peninsula on the northwest coast of Zealand. The ship didn't answer radio calls so a rescue helicopter lowered a crewman onto the ship. He found the quite drunk master at the wheel. A mate, roused from sleep, turned the ship aside minutes before it ran aground.

Swampscott Dory The 2012 Raffle Boat



First attempt to marry ribs to the bottom with Jim Clark and Don Schreiber.

The decision to build the Swampscott dory as this year's raffle boat was made in mid-January. By the end of the month Jim Ritter was on hand to hold the first of many classes in lofting. With the lines clearly laid out we were able to make patterns for the four pair of sawn ribs. We have had several false starts (otherwise known as mistakes) which were clearly marked as learning experiences. As of this writing in February the bevels have been cut on each rib with each being fastened at the appropriate station. The stem and transom have been bolted into place. The whole assembly is ready to be turned over, mounted on the strongback and bolted to the floor for further work.

The remainder of February and much of March will see our efforts devoted to spiling out the five planks, cutting the gains on each end and mounting them on the hull frame. Our objective is to have the boat completed by Memorial Day weekend.



Our first Swampscott Dory built in 2009 now owned by Jim Clark.

2011 Raffle Boat Winner Sunshine Tender

On December 17, many people gathered for our annual Holiday Open House with wine and cheese and, of course, to see who would win the 2011 raffle boat, a Sunshine tender, that was built here at the Community Boat Shop. Kent Miller, our master of raffle drawings, gathered a group of youngsters in order to select one who would draw the winning ticket. A young lad was picked up by his mother and, after a final spin of the mass of



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The East End Classic Boat Society News



By Ray Hartjen
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Community Boat Shop
Behind the Marine Museum
301 Bluff Rd, Amagansett, NY

Welcome to our fourth year of operation at the Community Boat Shop. Even though we have been building boats for the past four years, we are still making mistakes and leaning heavily on one or more of our boatwrights. Most recently, it has been Jim Ritter who has so willingly helped us through the lofting process and the related skills of lifting bevels from the drawings.

We have been amazingly effective in connecting unwanted boats that have been donated to us with new, very appreciative owners. We have also undertaken the restoration of needy boats such as a Beetle Cat that could hardly stay afloat which, this year, will add to the boats that are available for members to use.

We are gaining new members who arrive every Wednesday and Saturday to participate in the learning to build classic boat program that is becoming widely recognized here on the East End.

Now it is time for anyone interested to come visit our shop and see it in action. We are open for your inspection every Wednesday and Saturday from 9am to 2pm year-round except for those days or weekends when we are away promoting our organization. I look forward to meeting you in person at the boat shop!

We now have a revised website which includes YouTube video. Check out our new web site at: eecbs.org.

tickets, he reached into the drum and pulled out the winning ticket. The winner was Jonathan Russo, a long time summer resident of Shelter Island, who is one who appreciates wooden boats and has written a column for the *Shelter Island Reporter* on boating activity on the island.

A few days later, when notified by phone that he had won the Sunshine tender, he claimed to have known all along that he would be the winner. He came to the shop on a Saturday to pick up his prize. Leaving before noon that day, he was able to launch the boat that very afternoon and have a grand row in Shelter Island waters.



Jonathan Russo, the boat winner, Richard Davgin, Ray Hartjen, Don Schreiber and behind Don, Nick Stephens.

Bevin's Skiff

Yet another boat?? Yes, the volunteers who have brought the Beetle Cat back to life have now begun the construction of a Bevin's skiff, a kit boat that was given to us many years ago by the Pfizer drug company. The Bevin's skiff is a 10' sharpie that was designed for the family boat building programs of the *WoodenBoat* magazine and is produced by the Alexandria Seaport Foundation. This is a fine rowing boat for the creeks and harbors of the East End.

This boat is for sale. The proceeds will be used to offset the operating expense of the boat shop. Anyone interested should call (631) 324-2490.



Beetle Cat Restoration

It has taken a good part of a year and many, many hours by dedicated volunteers to bring this boat back to new condition. A group of volunteers lead by Pierce Hance literally took the boat apart, removing every screw in the hull, replacing 21 ribs, adding a new oak centerboard trunk, a new deck covered in Dynel and new oak transom. All of the hardware was brought back to new brass brightness. The original trim was taken down to bare wood and re-varnished with many coats.

And to top it all off, the boat has been christened the *Molly Gann* after a long time resident of Gann Road from the 1800s. Gann Road is at the edge of 3 Mile Harbor where the *Molly Gann* will have her sea trials this spring. Ginny Geradi has added the *Molly Gann* name to the transom in gold leaf outlined in the green of the hull. The *Molly Gann* will be a welcome addition to the boats that are available for members' use.



Boats Donated in 2011

We had a 30' Vinyard Vixen donated to us in 2010. We thought it would be a good boat for all of us to get out on Gardner's Bay for group sails but in the end it involved far too much work for the number of times she was used. As a consequence we advertised her for sale. Much to our delight and relief the day the ad broke in *Soundings* magazine, we received a call from a boating enthusiast in Madison, Connecticut, who stated that he had been looking for that particular boat for some time.

The next donation came mid summer from a family that has summered at Sammy's Beach for many years, with their sons working at Boy's Harbor. It was there at Boy's Harbor that they acquired a 16' Comet class sailboat which no longer fit into the sailing program of Boy's Harbor at the time. The

sons put in many hours restoring the boat and have fond memories of sailing her as their own on 3 Mile Harbor. Now, with their families scattered across the US, they decided to donate their Comet to us at the boat shop. She rests on a trailer (not her own), within our sheltered segment under the deck. Having owned one as a teenager, I can attest to the fact that a Comet is a fast and challenging boat. She is currently offered for sale in as is condition. Her hull is #3733. The photo is of a sister ship. Anyone interested should make arrangements to come to the boat shop to look her over and make an offer.



Bill Good, Kent Miller and Ray Hartjen sailed her across the Long Island Sound one beautiful summer day to a delighted new owner.

The last boat donated in 2011 was a stern steerer iceboat that came from Mark Catalano, a resident of Springs, owner of a Lightning and a club member. He had acquired the iceboat a few years ago from an elderly gentleman in Michigan. The boat was built in the 1930s and sailed there for many years.

Bill Good, an iceboat owner himself, did an excellent job of promoting her sale in regional and national iceboat newsletters. The promotion brought in interest from near and far. After several weeks of negotiations we finally sold her to an individual in Newburg, New York, who is a member of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club, an organization that specializes in antique iceboats. He became a very, very happy new owner.

In all we brought in a significant amount of income for the ongoing support of our Community Boat Shop. If you are aware of individuals who have classic wood boats who no longer have a use for them, suggest that they consider donating them to the boat shop. Most such boats will be sold with the income supporting our efforts. And the sale price we receive for any donated boat we sell is a tax deduction for the individual who donates the boat!

Lots More Real Old Photos

From the Penobscot Marine Museum

are early 20th century scenes of daily work, waterfronts, architecture, and important images of Bangor soon after a disastrous fire destroyed 267 buildings in 1911.



This circa-1905 image of the steamer *Verona* being launched into the Penobscot River, by Preston Williams, is from the MacEwen Photo Collection.

The Lindsay Collection: Professional photographer David J. Lindsay was active in Damariscotta, Maine, during the first half of the 20th century. His work included school and church groups, wedding parties, social organization events, boats and shipyards, mostly in Lincoln County, Maine, but also in Massachusetts and Vermont.



Monhegan Harbor, with the northern end of Manana Island in the background is from the David J. Lindsay Photo Collection.

The Lawless Collection: Jake Lawless, Sheriff of Belfast, Maine, collected images of life in and around Belfast in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Prominent in the collection are group portraits of children's gatherings and other social events. Also included are a number of glass lantern slides depicting Belfast, wilderness areas and cartoons.



The Jake Lawless Photo Collection contains oddities such as this "tramp chair," an incarceration device that never caught on in its target market of towns that couldn't afford jails

Several other collections are also online in the Penobscot Marine Museum Collections Database at www.PenobscotMarineMuseum.org. A search function permits photo searches by collection, location, subject matter and other parameters. There is also a field in which users are encouraged to share information about any image.

Located in Searsport, Maine, Penobscot Marine Museum is home to outstanding collections of marine art and artifacts, small craft, ship models and historic photography. More information is at www.PenobscotMarineMuseum.org or call (207) 548-2529.



Photographer "Red" Boutilier captured the converted fishing trawler *Natalie Todd* being rechristened for use as a passenger-carrying windjammer in this image.

The other newly added collections are:

The MacEwen Collection: The work of amateur photographer Preston Williams of Bangor is featured in this collection. Included

The Best of JimThayer



Experiences in the Real (Wet) World

With the sucessful design, completion and sailing of the radical and delightful "Wee Punkin", even such a dedicated boat nut as myself should have been satisfied, or so one would think. Yet, something, perhaps an inbred search for perfection due to a strong Puritan ethic blood component or such, resulted in nagging doubts. Had I done everything possible?

Obviously not. A swamping test was required. A constantly recurring lesson in my ongoing education concerns the difference between results unequivocally predicted on paper and those occurring in the real world. Ask any rocket scientist.

I fully intended to do the job at Lake Powell but the water seemed a trifle cold. Realistic, true, but I had no photographer. Nothing for it but to wait. In time "Wee Punkin" found herself in sunny tropical Florida, with photographers aplenty. Time to do or die.

The design thinking was that with the large foam core deck the swamped boat would float level and be stable enough to sail, albeit slowly. One should be able to climb in from the water with ease. If near shore, one would simply sail up on the beach to dump her out. Otherwise it would be tedious, but no real problem, to bail her out.

A tranquil lagoon with a bulkhead for the picture people was chosen and the boat cleared of all loose gear, save a nice St. Michaels T-shirt which was hiding far forward. The wind was quite light, but enough for sailing. We jilled around while I got her farther and farther up on her beam ends. I had her deck edge in the water but she seemed no more anxious for the fatal plunge than I. Finally I put my weight right on the coaming and in we went.

The water was colder than I had anticipated. In recent years I have noted that the old muscles aint what they used to be. This

notion was to be strongly reinforced on this project.

The boat took on very much less water than I had expected. When I pulled down on the high side the boat simply flopped over, the wet sail encouraging a horizontal position. Without really thinking, I decided to pull out the rig. No problem except that it put undue strain on the deck.

The water was now warming up and it seemed like time to get into the spirit of the thing. I flipped the boat right side up and she floated like a cork. It was obvious that one couldn't climb in over the bow. The only answer was to climb in over the transom, which was accomplished with considerable grunting and groaning. It remained only to bail out perhaps ten gallons of water, restep the rig, and sail triumphantly ashore.

Well, what did we learn? One thing I knew beforehand; it is always a lot better to stay in the boat than to fall out of it. It is difficult enough to climb into an empty boat, unless she is a real tub. It is worse trying to climb into a boat with some water in her as the water sloshes around and makes her very unstable. A boat that is swamped to the gunwales can be climbed into but it is probably hopeless to try to bail her out. It is hard to overstate the importance of not getting into these predicaments in the first place.

Once into dry clothes, with a warming libation...a dram tipped overside to propitiate Neptune...one begins to turn the course of events relentlessly in the mind and soon develops a series of moves that would have won in a fraction of the time, on paper at least. It now seems clear that one, even one so flaccid as myself, could have gotten a purchase on the coaming on the high side and popped her upright while at the same time propelling oneself into the cockpit. She would, of course, continue to turn toward one, but

the mast and wet sail would (on paper) have enough inertia to slow her so that one could get in and get organized. She would sink some at the initial thrust and take on more water, but once inside one could deal with that at leisure. I am so convinced of this that I can hardly wait for summer to give it a try.

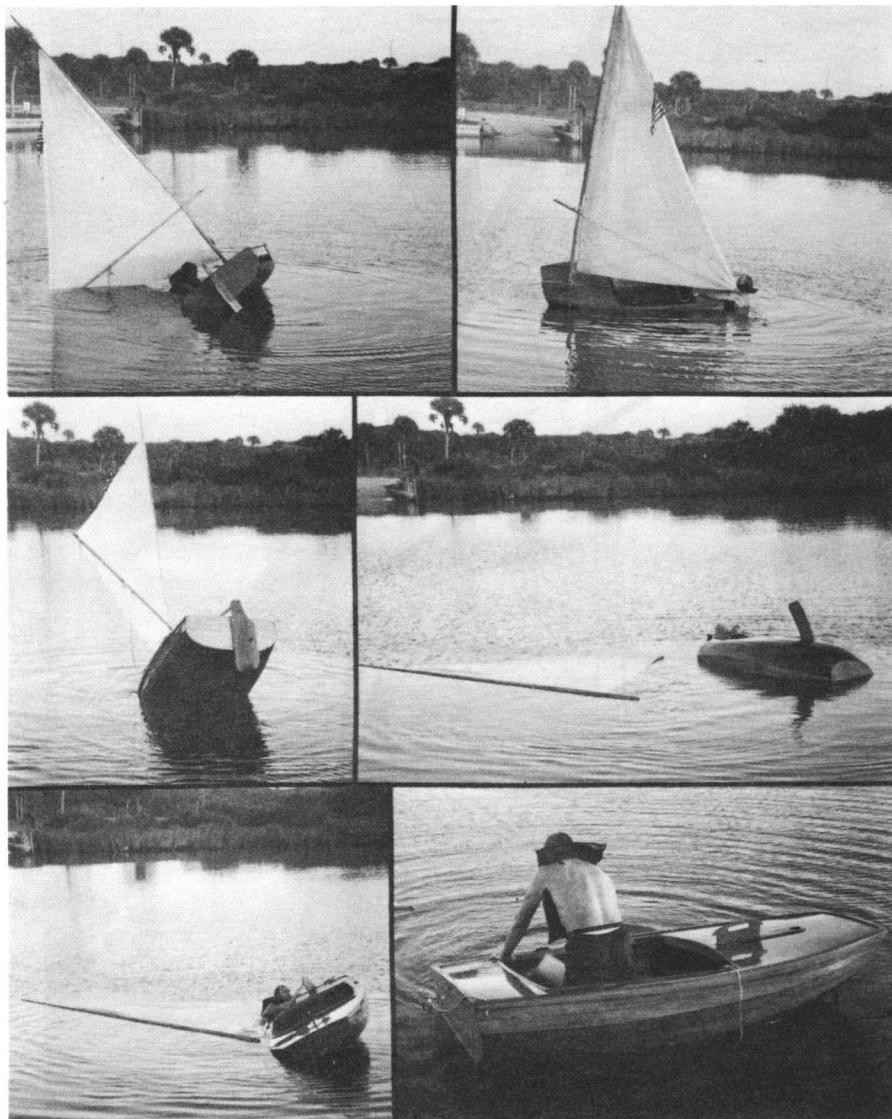
But, what could we do to make the process foolproof for small children, little old ladies (with tennis shoes, or without), and the like. Clearly the best way back in is over the transom. It only takes a moment's thought to figure out that there should be a toe hold in the rudder blade. One hooks the pedal digits in the hole, straightens the knee and slithers gracefully over the after deck. Why don't all small boats have such a feature? Why didn't I ever think of it before? Well, there you are.

Very likely, if you are out of the boat under protest, there is some water inside. It would be nice to get rid of it quickly and with as little effort as possible. With the "Wee Punkin", which has a foam core cockpit sole as well as end flotation compartments, the water would simply run out if we provided a suitable exit. One simply reaches in over the side and pulls the plug. When she is dry, one must not forget to put the plug back in. A dandy feature if left on a mooring. On the boat I am doing now the through transom pipe will doubtless suggest inboard power.

This test re-inforced my previous notion, forcefully suggested when I left "Wee Punkin" in charge of some landlubbers, on the beach, in a stiff breeze, that the mast should be mounted in a sturdy tube to take the stress off the deck. A mast free of the step and out of control can turn the sturdiest deck into splinters. This brings to mind that hoary admonition to pitch the rig over the side when things get beyond control. One then sacks out in the bottom of the boat until it quiets down. Restepping the rig in a bit of a slop again points up the need for a mast tube.

One clear lesson from all this is that people so peculiar or retarded as to mess about in small open boats ought to give serious thought as to how they would go about dealing with a capsize. Moreover, they must go out and actually do it. I recall giving a talk on flotation at St. Michael's once and finding boat, self and gear sinking slowly out of sight. My only regret is that I hadn't had the presence of mind to salute as I went down. So, keep your head, and remember, "paper isn't everything."

Report & Photos by Jim Thayer.



Opposite page: The writer making up his mind to capsize "Wee Punkin", finally succeeding. Above: Recovery stages from the top. Over the side doesn't work. Nor does over the stern with the rig still up. Over the bow fails also. Well, the rig is out, now what? Success at last, coming up over the transom with some difficulty, rig in the water. Bailing out.

Below: Safely ashore at day's end.



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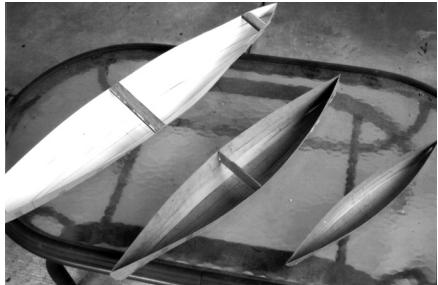
When I last wrote I was starting to build cardboard models of my next boat. I have been back at it since then. Strangely, I know how to loft the lines for a canoe if it is round bottomed but I am at a loss when a boat has a shape other than round. I have, over the years, built over 50 woodstrip canoes and kayaks. Most of these were my own designs but when it comes to a hard-chined boat I am at a loss. I go back to the cardboard models.

Years ago I built a hard-chined canoe. I called it *Lewan* after the material that I made it from. It was stable and very seaworthy but it was ugly and too wide at the gunnels. It flared all the way to the top and that brought it out to about 32" beam at the gunnels, much to wide to suit me.

Lewan was a double-chined boat much like a lot of Bolger's stuff. The ends were simply cut off in straight lines, that didn't add to the looks either. For years I have wanted to do better so this has been my project this winter.

Lewan had a bottom panel and two side panels per side. I wanted to get more sections per side and end up with the top panel nearly vertical. I wanted to keep the gunnels narrower.

I had a lot of poster board in my storage so I cut a piece that scaled out to equal a 4'x16' piece of plywood. I wanted another solo canoe and it would come out of two sheets of plywood. I built several of these models, each time getting closer to the shape that I wanted. The first couple had four panels to the side but I decided that that was not necessary so the later ones were three panels each.



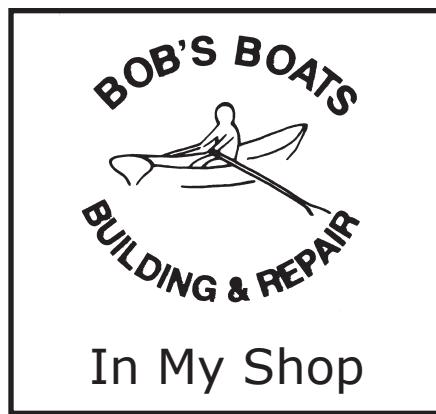
Several of the cardboard models.

I found it rather difficult to work with the small scale so I bought one sheet of lauan plywood and ripped it down the middle, giving me a pair of 2'x8' sheets to work with. I could now work at half-scale at a very modest cost. I liked working in this size as it was big enough to really see the final results but still small enough to not fill up my shop.

I drew up on paper the plan for my cutouts, then transferred the lines to the plywood. I only had to draw the bottom and one side. I first cut out the bottom with my saber saw, then clamped the two leftover sections together. I could now cut both sides at once and they would be symmetrical. That is a rule of mine, even if it is wrong to keep it symmetrical.

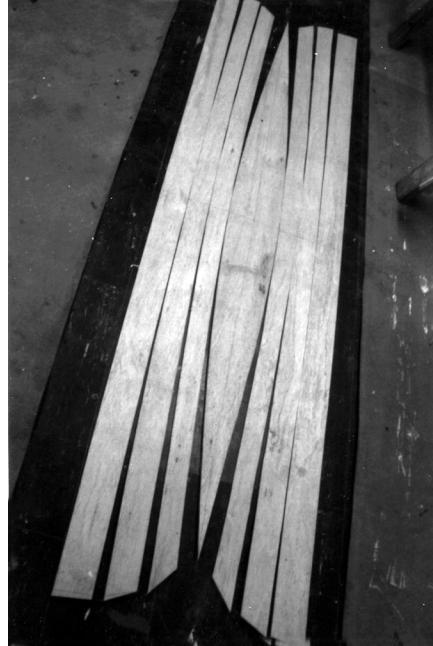
Wire tying the panels together was rather fun. It can get bloody so if you don't want blood all over your boat, be careful. This is much more fun and more satisfying than working with floppy cardboard and Scotch tape. I felt that I had the perfect shape when I started the first wooden model until I had finished and rolled it bottom side up. It looked too much like a dory with a very narrow bottom and flared sides. Back to the drawing board.

The second wooden model had a much wider bottom section and much more curve put into the garboard panel had the effect of flattening the bottom. The second panel up



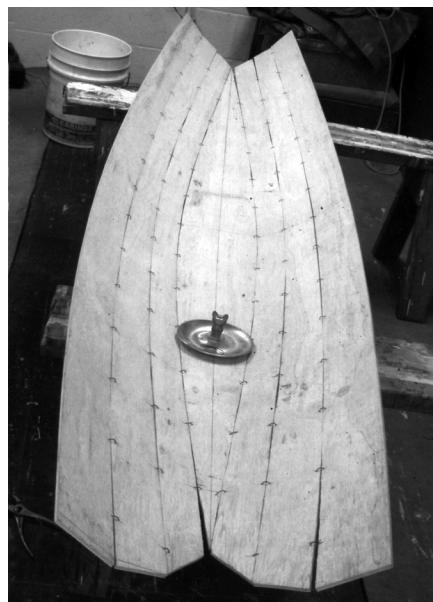
In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

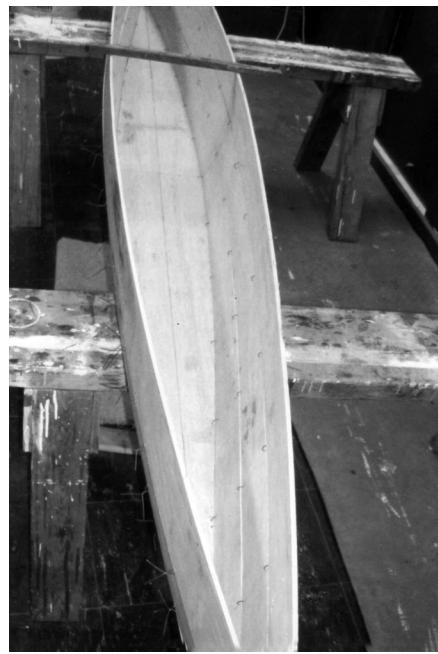


The panels out for the first plywood model. Notice there is very little waste.

The wiring operation with the hull beginning to take on a bowl shape with a lot of rocker.



had only a slight curve. The top panels on both models were straight with parallel sides.



When the ends pulled together the rocker is reversed and the hull now is badly hogged and quite narrow.

I know what a canoe should look like and I liked what I saw. When I finished the second one I was happy. It had a 16" wide flat bottom and three panels per side giving it very nice curved sides. I pushed the sides out to a scaled 30". That brought the ends up giving the boat a slight bit of rocker, just what I wanted. The finished boat scaled out at 15 1/2", a little long but in the ball park. I can live with a boat that size as long as it doesn't have high ends.

The next step will be getting a couple more sheets of plywood and making a full

The change resulting when the sides are spread, the hull now has a little rocker, which can be controlled by changing the beam.



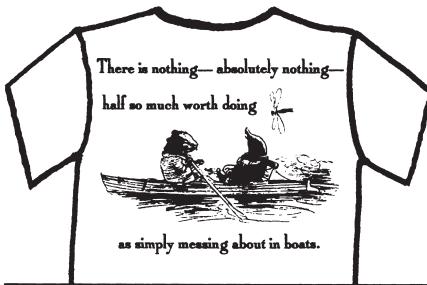


The two wooden models side by side. The one on the left is the one I plan to build. All the seams closed up nicely so the next thing will be to build it full sized.

size boat. I called the local supplier of marine ply and got bad news. The 4mil stuff I wanted to use had doubled in price since the last time I bought it. Maybe it is time to build *Lewan 2*. I can get lauan for about a tenth of the cost of good marine ply.

The last couple of boats that I built I used Baltic birch at about \$25 a sheet. It is really nice to work with but much too heavy to put into a canoe.

I have built several boats with lauan over the years. I can buy it locally for slightly over \$8 a sheet. It works fine as long as I plan to glass it. A sheet of $\frac{1}{4}$ " inch lauan is about half the weight of birch so I has a real advantage in canoe building.



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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Shop Floor

By Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

Apprentices Ryan Flynn, Jared Huffman and Tim Jacobus are at work on a 10' version of the classic Herreshoff Columbia dinghy. In traditional Herreshoff style, this lapstrake dinghy is being built on molds that are fastened directly to the floor instead of on strongback tables. Each mold is positioned exactly where frames are to be bent, eliminating the need for using ribbands. Senior apprentice Huffman commented on the process, "The absence of ribbands and strongback is great because it enables us to get underneath and inside the hull to work."

The original design produces an 11'6" boat, but The Apprenticeshop's project was slightly shortened to give it the advantage of on-deck storage, and her planks are a mere $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick to make her light. According to Jacobus, "The shortening of the design presented a challenge when we lofted her. In order to maintain Herreshoff's characteristics, we had to redraw the water line and the buttocks line, the third line revealed itself from there."

First built at the turn of the 20th century, the dinghy retains her name from the America's Cup defender to which she tendered. In 1899, the second of two Columbias built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company successfully defended the Cup from her Irish challenger *Shamrock*.

The Shop's build employs mahogany for transom, eastern white cedar for strakes and white oak for frames, keel and stem. She's also designed to carry a sail rig, which apprentices will take on once a buyer is identified and which will transform the boat into a delightful sailing dinghy.

"This dinghy is the epitome of what a boat should look like," remarks Jacobus, who started his apprenticeship seven months ago and is a traditional boat enthusiast. "The lapstrakes are so classic and Herreshoff was the best of the American wooden boat manufacturers."

The Columbia is currently for sale, please call (207) 594-1800 for more information.

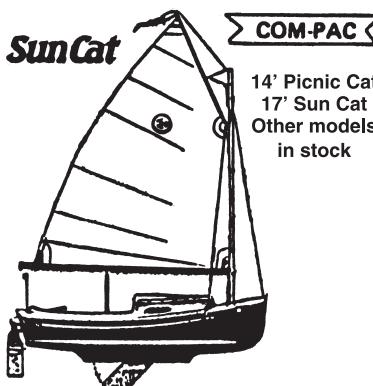
Apprentices Flynn, Huffman and Jacobus.



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Just what kind of open boat would be a good cruiser for me?

Well, that depends...

"Cruising dinghy," an open sailing boat, generally of a type that can be transported by trailer and launched off a beach, designed or adapted for sleeping aboard.

As a designer, I have customers frequently ask, "I'm an experienced backpacker, but I would like to build a boat that I could use for camping aboard. So, what's the best open boat for cruising?" Well, if ever there was a question with a million answers, that is the one. It leads to a whole lot of questions back from me to the customer, and it's only after I get the answers that I can begin to address the original question.

So just what are the variables? Climate, prevailing sea and wind conditions, geography, usage, personal preferences, skill levels (both sailing and building), resources, (and that latter has more influence than you'd think!) and on and on along the same lines.

Generally the customers will have something in mind when they come to me and that's the "personal preferences" part of the picture. They will have seen a boat, read a book or a magazine article, fallen in love with a story or want something like a previous boat but bigger/smaller or with different features. "I like this boat but want these changes." That's the starting point.

I like to talk to the client about where the boat will be used, for example, even within the US a boat to be summer sailed in a somewhat sheltered river estuary in South Carolina can be very different from a boat intended for cruising the inside passage up toward Juneau in late fall or exploring the convoluted marshes in the Everglades.

The differences in design approach for each can be considerable, and I make much use of historical information on the small workboats that were used in the areas where my client will be based to give me clues as to what will be required of the new design.

If there are no direct ancestors, then I'll search for inspiration in an area of the world with similar climatic conditions and make those comparisons so I can design appropriately.

Next question, as a designer I don't sell complete boats, just plans. So who will build this paragon? Build it yourself? OK, so how big is your garage or workshop, is there a flat area just outside the garage door or can you extend the space at all? What's your maximum size?

There are, of course, other considerations, where will the completed boat be stored, what kind of car will tow the boat (big or small, heavy or light) and thus the overall size of the project is set.

What boat building skills has the customer? How well equipped is the "workshop," what are the constraints in terms of build time, climate (colder areas may have issues with glue curing in cool weather if there is no heating available) and so on.

We're beginning to get a picture now and need to add usage, that's how many people at once in the potential crew, how long the boat is expected to be "out" on a voyage, how far and in what conditions will the owner's ambitions take her, what standard of comfort and amenities will be required and so on.

Cruising dinghies are often daysailers, too, occasionally racing in the local regattas, usually taken on holidays with the family, often used for purposes other than the primary ambition. In fact, the vision of the "cruise of a lifetime" may only be a "oncer"

Just What is a Cruising Dinghy?

By John Welsford, Marine Designer
www.jwboatdesigns.co.nz
jwboatdesigns@xtra.co.nz

and the rest of the boat's life may be spent like a retired racehorse taking the children for rides on a Sunday, so she has to be workable for that use as well as surviving an onshore gale against an ironbound coast in some far flung part of the country.

With all of those things in mind, then we start to make notes and sketches.

Next, is a formal document we marine designers call "the brief" and it's the single most important document in the whole design process. It incorporates all of the information above and, to illustrate the possibilities that document will encompass, I will describe below three of my designs, all around the same length, all open boats designed for cruising and daysailing and all intended for home construction by beginner builders. There are lots of commonalities between these three boats but you'll see that the boats are, in fact, very different.

To give the descriptions some veracity, we'll invent some characters to go with the designs.

William the Eco Warrior, a purist who wants to go engineless, he will row when needed, may venture into very open waters and will generally cruise single-handed but needs to take spouse and very young children out occasionally to justify the boat to his family.

William will want to explore far places to observe the wildlife, to get away to places that are as natural and unmodified by mankind as possible so he needs a boat that will cope with open waters but which will only be required to carry a relatively light load.

He'll tow the boat on its trailer far and wide behind his small Diesel saloon and still expects exceptional fuel economy, so the boat needs to be both light and streamlined to reduce windage at highway speeds.

David and Rose are in late middle age now, sail mostly lakes and estuaries and, as youngsters, sailed a dinghy with the local club so have some experience to draw upon. They love the look and feel of "traditional" boats so go to the Boat Show at Mystic Seaport each year and will camp out perhaps two or three nights a year when their little group of like-minded friends has a campout in their area.

They like to be comfortable so the seating and size needs to suit their less agile limbs, will be very concerned that the boat be stable and safe when they take the grandchildren out for a picnic and David is wanting to do at least one really adventurous voyage.

The ability to sail at a wide variety of venues is a very important part of David's brief, that means Rose and he can tow the rig to the interesting lakes and inlets that offer the interest and variety that short sails in a larger marina based boat cannot offer.

Stanley, though, has been wandering the marinas looking at tough, capable little world cruisers resting quietly before their next long voyage, reading the books and the stories written by sunburned and craggy old men who've seen it all and dreams of sighting the very peak of a windblown mountain as the whitecaps foam around him and the wind screams in his rigging, the cold grey waves

bursting into spume as he thrashes along toward his destination.

He's a frustrated circumnavigator who will never see Cape Horn in winter but desperately wants to experience the feeling of freedom that he read about in tales written by Irving Johnstone, Thomas Mulville and Lin and Larry Pardey (of course, he reads those books sitting in front of a cosy fire while the rain rattles on the windowpanes).

His major issue is that he needs to be around home for his aged parents, wishes to visit the places where adventures happen but realistically has to keep his boat at home and use the highways for the longer part of the voyages.

What do we design for William, David and Rose and Stanley?

Walkabout

The first is William's boat. Given that he wants to be free of the tyranny of the engine, at least in this part of his life, he needs a boat that rows much better than the average one. That means she must be light in weight, long on the water line and narrow on the beam. A boat of this configuration will not be able to carry much sail as its narrow beam will mean it's somewhat tender, but we can alleviate that by having the sides flare out wider above the water so when she heels under sail they provide buoyancy to hold her up when the wind blows.

A rowing boat needs a work space for the oarsman, a space uncompromised by rigging, mast, centreboard or boom overhead. Rowing is repetitive, 1,500 repetitions of the movement of oars an hour, thousands in a day and any annoyance, chafe or discomfort grows large in the mind after that many repetitions so we rig the boat differently to the usual mast in the middle sloop.

In this case we've put a balanced lugsail, possibly the simplest of the really effective sail rigs, well up forward on a free standing mast. As a single-handed cruiser he'll want to keep the rig as easy to set up and strike as possible, and the mizzen aft is also a very simple affair. This boat will take about 15 minutes from arrival to sailing-ready, and it's quite easy to strike the rig and stow it within the boat to reduce the windage if a long row up a winding creek is anticipated.

To enable William to sail in safety and comfort along an exposed coast to visit the really wild places of his imagination, we've designed in good seating with massive buoyancy under which doubles as watertight storage. A prototype boat has been tipped over and righted unaided by its lone skipper, and the sleeping space that is freed up by the removable rowing seat has been tried and found to fit the airbed and sleeping bag providing much more comfortable accommodation under the fitted tent than most would expect in such a slender craft.

We've given the boat a traditional appearance, it fits William's feelings of the "good old days" being better than our heavily industrialised present, and coincidentally the lapstrake sides over stringers are an easy way to build a round sided boat that will work the way we want it to.

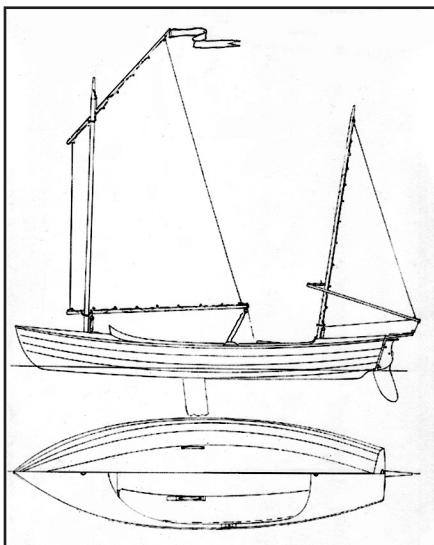
"Walkabout" is the Australian name for a journey undertaken for mainly spiritual reasons, a journey with no fixed destination or duration. It suits William the Eco Warrior, as does his little ship.



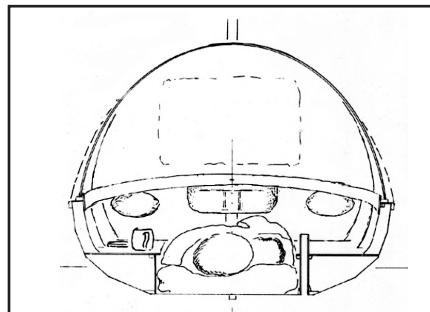
With the removable rowing seat and foot stretcher lifted out and stowed, Walkabout has a very nice comfortable space in which to lie down. Note that builder Wayne Jorgensen found that his Walkabout was faster under oars than the JW designed "Seagull" behind, and that boat's no slug either. (Wayne Jorgensen Photo)



Wayne Jorgensens Walkabout ready to take to the water for the first time, the rig is easy to set up and drop and she is a lot quicker under sail than you'd expect from her modest sized sails. (Wayne Jorgensen Photo)



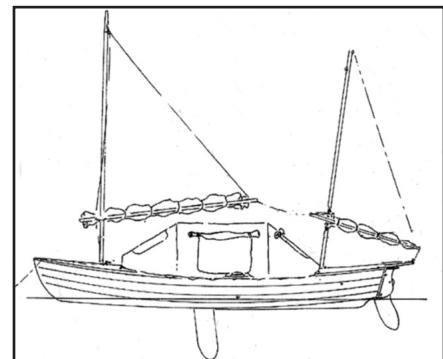
General arrangement of Walkabout.



Lying down between the side seats makes for a comfortable and sheltered bunk space.

Walkabout

LOA: 16'2" (5m)
 Beam: 5' (1.5m)
 Weight: Approximately 200lbs rigged (92kg)
 Sail Area: 80sf (7.5m²)
 Study Package: \$2
 Plans: \$220



Her tent is set up on springy bows in the same way that a modern hiker's tent is, the sides can be rolled up to allow the boat to be rowed with the crew under cover or to ventilate the boat when cooking or in hot weather.

David and Rose, though, are mainly fair weather sailors, afternoons, grandchildren, a little jaunt to the far end of the lake and over-nighting perhaps twice a year. David's wish to undertake perhaps one major adventure, though, has to be considered, so we're looking here at a boat that, which while used carefully for the most part in sheltered waters and good weather, has to be much more capable than most.

We need, too, to provide a flat area long and wide enough for two airbeds and sleeping bags, storage for lots of gear so good meals, changes of clothes, comfortable seating and a decent boom tent can all be stowed out of the way.

With their dinghy sailing experience, they are expecting reasonably good performance as well, a slow slug won't satisfy them, "sparkling" is how they said they wanted the boat to sail. "Fun to sail" is how I put it, something that can really bring a light to an old racing skipper's eyes so Pathfinder has a lot of sail for her length and weight, but being fairly light for her length and split

Pathfinder

between the roller furling jib, reefable main and mizzen the area is still easily managed.

For the grandchildren safety is paramount, stability is the main issue, stopping two or three little 'uns drifting off away while trying to right a 17' boat is not a good look, so better we have a boat that is both stable and very buoyant when swamped and as near capsise-proof as possible.

Rose loves the boats that they see at traditional boat shows and festivals and loves the clinker sides and springy sheerline of those "old fashioned" boats. David, though, wants to have a motor where he can get at it in rough weather without hanging over the transom, both want a rig that leaves the mid-section of the boat as clear as possible and which provides options for reefing and sail reduction should they be caught out.

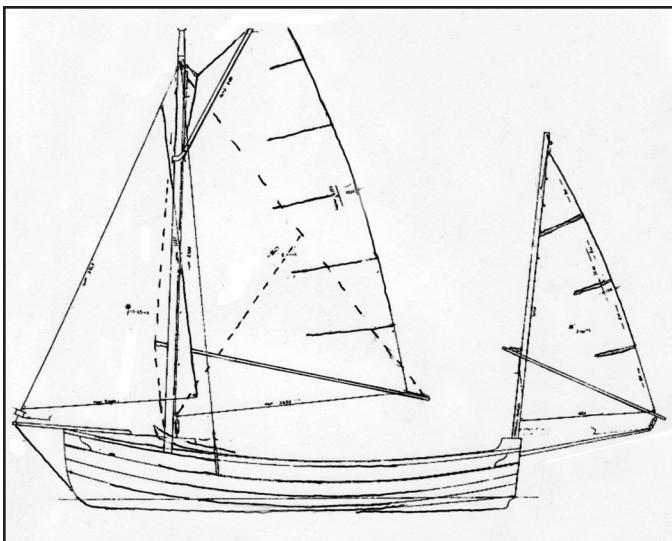
So we have Pathfinder. Yawl rigged so the main and jib are well forward and of modest size, the mizzen right aft and large enough to hold the boat head to wind when

hove to, and the bonus is that with the main down she is perfectly balanced on the two remaining sails which gives good control in very heavy weather should it be needed.

There is a conventional cockpit with attention given to seat height and backrest angles to rest the sore backs that so many of us suffer from, the seats are sealed with hatches to provide buoyancy as is the raised deck area forward of midships that is large enough for the two of them to spread their beds out on, and there is a huge locker under the foredeck where larger items can be stowed behind the hatch to keep it all dry.

Muddy anchors and warp stow in the anchor well under the inboard end of the bowsprit, and at the other end of the boat the little 4hp outboard lives in a well just inside, its leg folding up through a slot in the transom which also provides a fast outlet for any major water that may come aboard, leaving just the footwell to be bailed.

Pathfinder has a lot of sail for her weight but is still very stable, the combination making her a very fast boat for her size, several



Paul Groom built this Pathfinder, *Varuna* was his first build and he's done a lovely job of her.

The yawl rig is both powerful and versatile, she is properly balanced under sail with the main up, reefed or fully lowered.

owners report that she planes freely and is easy to control at these speeds.

We designed to suit all of the criteria set by our hypothetical clients, classical looks, high stability, a traditional gaff yawl rig in modern materials which is both powerful and practical, shaped her underwater lines for speed and kept the build within their abilities.

Pathfinder is a development of several other similar but smaller designs, has been proven to be a very capable cruiser and, as shown in the pic, has all the stability and space that was required to fill the brief.

Pathfinder

Length on Deck: 17'4" (5.25m)

Beam: 6'5" (1.95m)

Weight: Approximately, rigged with motor, 485lbs (220kg)

Sail Area: (yawl rig, there is an optional sloop rig) 162sf (15.1sm)

Study Package: \$25

Plans: \$260



Most of us like a comfortable bunk, like this one, the Pathfinder sleeping space is long enough to stretch out, wide enough for a big man's shoulders and well sheltered. This pic was taken by Steve Earley who cruises his boat *Spartina* in the North Carolina banks and Chesapeake Bay area of the US. (Steve Earley Photo)

PLANS for John Welsfords designs may be

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There are three guys, each over 100kg, standing on the gunwale of this Pathfinder, and she still has a lot of freeboard left. This boat is relatively light for her length but she has enormous stability which helps both safety and speed.

Stanley. Sigh! He's the designer's nightmare in some ways, a man who has dreams he wishes to fulfil, whose ambitions are right out at the edge of the possible and who will brook no argument but whose reality is compromised by lack of resources and who comes to the designer wanting the disparity to be solved as well as possible.

We begin with the premise that the boat has to be an achievable build for an amateur with some basic woodworking skills, that the resulting boat has to be within the weight and towing capability of Stanley's very average four-cylinder car and that he himself is of an age where the build should not take too long or his age will affect his fitness for the voyages he wishes to undertake.

He has a love of the little cutters of the English South Coast, the Itchen Ferry, the Falmouth Oyster Boat, the Solent Punt and the myriad little craft that fished and ferried along the coast from Portland Bill to Dover. Those are uncommonly seaworthy little boats, extremely capable and, in fact, well

Pilgrim

suited to Stanley's needs, so out come the books, there is much study of shape and calculation of the critical "numbers" such as stability curves, curves of areas and sail areas, all those numbers that describe in academic design terms the design parameters that make these boats what they are, or were.

In recognition of his preferences as well as his needs, Stanley's little boat is a full bodied little plywood gaff cutter with wide side decks and high coamings. The rig was chosen in part because of its traditional origins but also because it provides a lot of sail area for its heeling moment, because it is possibly the most seamanlike of all small boat rigs in both heavy and light weather and because it provides a wide range of options when shortening sail, none of which need any sail changes.

Stanley needs an exceptionally capable boat, powerful and dry beyond the abilities of any normal open boat. He wishes to visit places that require a voyage of many miles

in very open waters, beyond the range of weather forecasts in terms of time required to make shelter so he has to be able to cope with whatever comes his way.

He will sleep on board, cook and eat, navigate and perform all the functions of life and sailing for days on end. His boat needs to be both hugely capable and very comfortable, a real big boat in miniature.

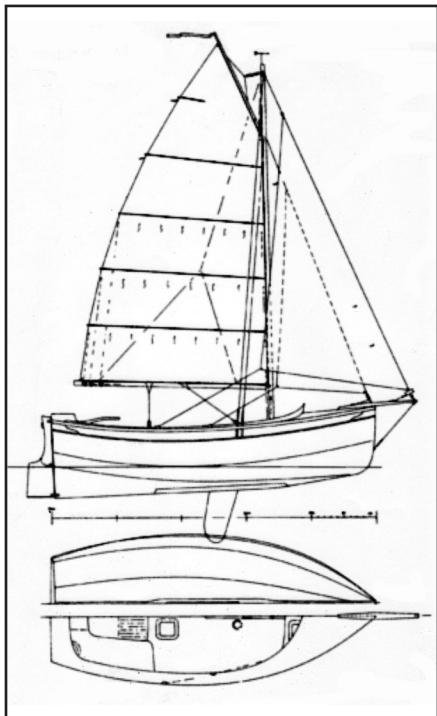
To this end we use the same interior layout as Pathfinder, the same raised sleeping flat forward but with more space under it, there is room for batteries, canned food, water ballast tanks (if required, it's optional and reduces the amount of fixed ballast required so lessening the boat's towing weight) and light storage under there plus its self-draining and contributes much volume to the boat's flotation.

She has a cook box aft where the stove can be run while at sea, huge buoyancy tanks under her cockpit seating which are accessible through hatches for storage and a massive dry locker up under the foredeck also closed off with hatches.

Her long keel with substantial lead ballast plus steel centreboard makes her feel and behave like an old fashioned long keeled cutter, immensely capable, directionally stable and slow in both roll and pitch, the structure of the keel making her massively strong which, in addition to the substantial framing and stringers, means she is an extremely tough little craft.

Being of fairly simple ply construction Stanley will have few problems building his dreamboat, there is nothing complex here and the rig can be hand built which will ease the strain on his budget as well.

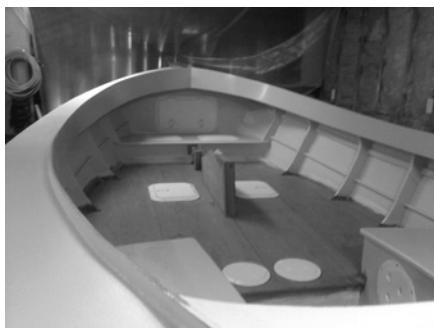
Pilgrim, the fabled traveller who journeys to fulfil the dream of his lifetime, is a boat specifically designed to cope with long voyages in waters beyond the safe range of the usual small boat, but the reality is that Stanley's two daughters are looking forward to having grandfather take the children out sailing while they relax on the beach and swap stories about their husbands, and I'm sure that Stanley, with all that space in the boat and three pretty little girls on board, will thoroughly enjoy the company.



For an open boat Pilgrim is a big tough vessel, although built of modern materials she is closely related to the 1800s small workboats of the Solent and South coast area of England.



Chip Matthews' boat ready for rigging, this is a high volume hull, roomy, stable and solid. While she is a relatively heavy boat for a dinghy, the big boat provides comfort and shelter for those wanting to cruise far afield or who just want a comfortable boat in which they don't have to run for shelter at the first hint of bad weather. (Chip Matthews Photo)



A view of the huge interior of Chip Matthews' Pilgrim, the buoyancy tanks under the seats and decks are sufficient to float the boat stable and upright even when fully swamped, an essential for an undecked boat that ventures into open waters. (Chip Matthews Photo)

Pilgrim

Length on Deck: 16'5" (5m)
 Beam: 7' (2.11m)
 Draft CB Up: 1'7" (0.48m)
 Draft CB Down: 3'10" (1.17m)
 Sail Area: 162sf (15.1sm)
 Weight: Rigged Approx 1056lbs (480kg)
 Ballast: 462lbs (210kg)
 Study Package: \$25
 Plans: \$245

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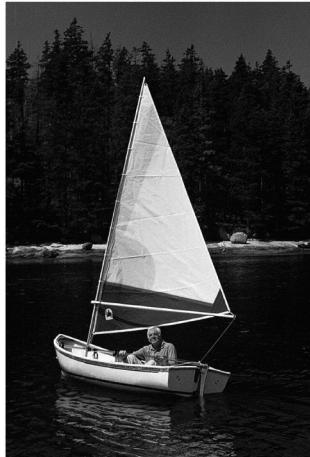
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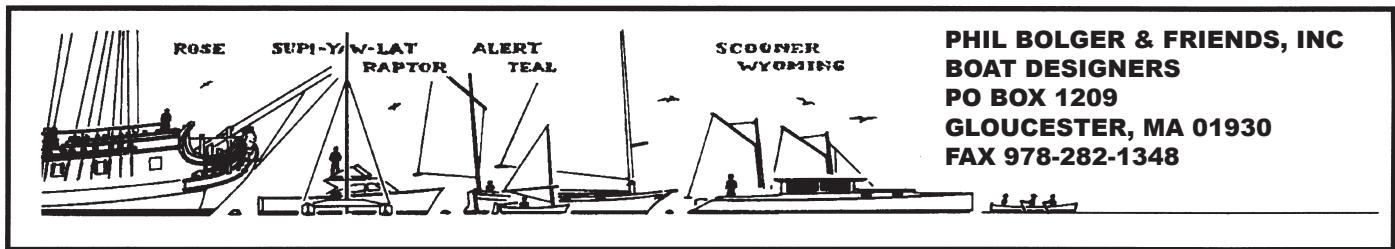


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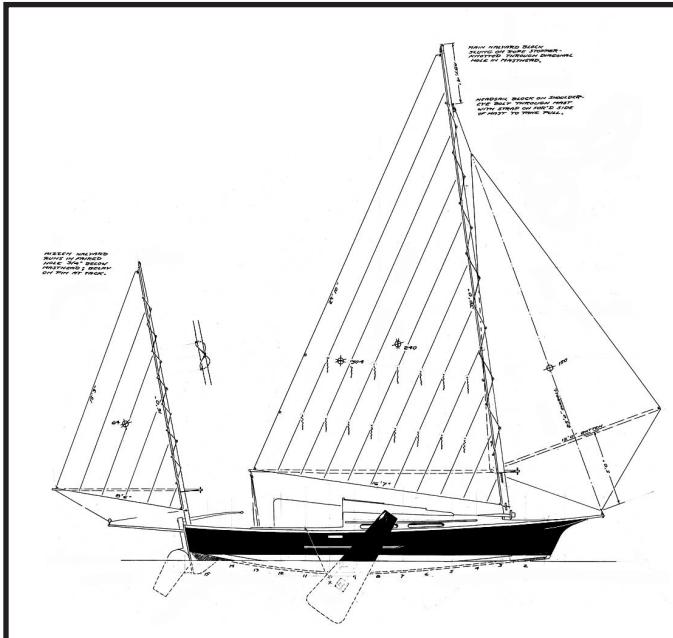


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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Two Sister Ships

"Black Skimmer" #294

"Round Black Skimmer" #371

Let's take some time away from matters painted grey, not without remembering though that "...if it moves, salute it, if not, paint it," as Phil enjoyed sharing with me a few times, likely reflecting his Navy veteran brother's memories.

These two sister ships could be painted in perfectly matching decor and it would be hard to convince onlookers that indeed they are sister ships. But Phil clearly drew them that way, albeit some six years apart. Together they represent two major currents in his body of work on sailing shallow draft types. Design #294, "Black Skimmer" of 1973 is one of many dozens he did on the theme of the simple hull shapes of sharpies. Design #371, "Round Black Skimmer" of 1979 is one of his series of free form barge yacht derivatives.

Both types are quite unlike much of the prevailing notions of proper sailing yacht designs found in advertisement loaded glossy yachting magazines/sales brochures. Tired by the early '60s already of the repeat-of-the-repeat deep draft mantra at boat shows, he would come to feel most of his working-life of 57 years that the broad mass of pleasure boaters had been deprived of the joys of exploring shallow waters, beaching, riding out storms securely tucked away in the salt marsh, just being able to leave the channel and not immediately risk ruining their boats.

In fact, it was not too long into his career as a designer when yacht testers fit to do justice sailing these types became scarce, with the majority being thoroughly indoctrinated into the virtues of deep draft, tall rigs, obligatory expensive hardware packages deemed indispensable to just go sailing with the kids or enjoying a week of down time dur-

ing a gentle coastal cruise. Many such narrow perspectives would express reservations about presumed unseaworthiness, doubt in the absence of shiny rigging gear to keep the mast standing and utter unease at the notion of occasionally seeing a boiling wake of sand and water broad reaching over the shallows. Ironically, #294 might actually have been within fiscal reach of most testers, unlike their favored types...

All the more reason for Phil to speak freely through these designs in his books, and sharing them eventually almost exclusively through the pages of *MAIB*, as most glossies simply could not handle these violations of common sense, never mind Phil's indifference to their standards and decorum of yachtsmanship.

Here from a manuscript Phil completed on Sharpies is his perspective on #294, 25'3" x 7' x 2800lbs Leeboard Cat Yawl "Black Skimmer" (five sheets):

"Black Skimmer" was designed for the *WoodenBoat* senior editor in the long ago days when he built boats professionally in Virginia. He said that she was the best small sharpie ever designed. She was one of the most popular designs we ever produced, something like a hundred of them having been built all over the world. They're good sailors on all points and some of them have sailed through some serious heavy weather.

The freeboard and flare gives them a good range of stability by usual sharpie standards; they cannot be capsized by wind alone (short of a hurricane capable of picking a boat up bodily). The low sides aft keep them out of the class we'd consider fit for unlimited open water work, since a big breaking sea taken at a bad angle could take one over to the point where she would stay bottom up.

We heard of two of these boats, widely separated, that were built by allegedly complete novices, probably not novices at carpentry but who had never built a boat. Both looked exactly like the professionally built boats, a tribute to the prefabrication diagrams that eliminated the hazards of lofting and plumbing the setup, and ensure that the sheerline is fair. In this early version of the method, only the frame and side panels are diagrammed, with the bottom and deck shapes being patterned from the erected (bottom up) sides. It's in effect a design of a kit, with the materials bought locally.

The leeboards are of a good shape and work well. They're slung on rope for pivots, with the rope looped through the boards and blocks on deck in such a way that they tighten themselves as the boards swing down. There's still always some slack and the boards have a tendency to kite, not very serious as the boats normally sail heeled enough to keep the weather board on its guard. Off the wind it looks better if the board on the side away from the boom is picked up. There is no need to shift them at each tack; in the years I sailed a boat with boards rigged this way it was my habit to lower both boards before hoisting sail and leave them both down until I lowered sail.

The point needs emphasis since just before writing this chapter I read an article by a supposedly towering authority that one of numerous disadvantages of leeboards was the need to handle them in tacking. Condemnations of leeboards always proceed from familiarity only with badly designed types if not from pure hearsay. If I'd been put off leeboards by the behavior of the first one I tried (that was in 1939) I would have missed some worthwhile knowledge! The knowledge had to come the hard way as nobody seems to have studied them since the 16th century when boats did not sail against the wind much.

The rig is simple for its power. The sprit booms cross the mast too low and allow the sails to twist off at the top more than they should. The "diamond sail" for downwind sailing was designed by request but if any "Black Skimmer" ever set one we have not heard of it. The consensus is that an improvement in speed broad reaching or running is not worth the space the sail and its boom would take up. The 34'6" mast is arranged to be run through its partners horizontally and walked upright; a big improvement over standing it on end, lifting it and dropping it through conventional partners, but not easy or very safe. Later we designed an alternate rig with a real tabernacle and with a vertical yard carrying the upper part of the luff above a much shorter masthead. The sail shape was not changed as the new rig was intended as a conversion of an existing boat with existing sails. This rig needs more care to set well than the jib header with its luff on a track, but is cheaper and less apt to jam than the tracked sail.

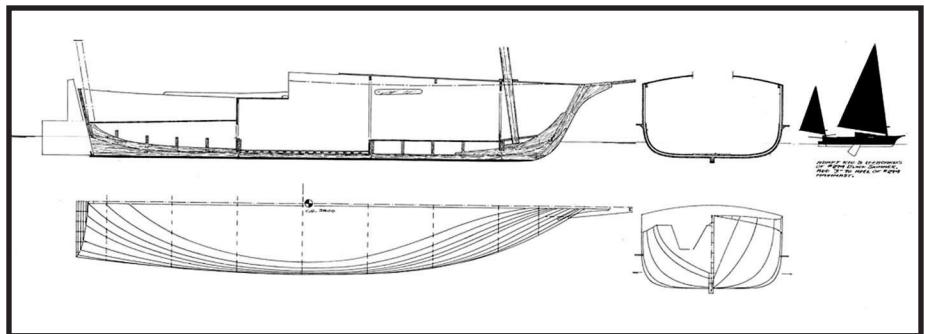
Verdict: A very good design, one of our best. But look at our Design #639 below before committing to #294, as the newer design is much roomier and more seaworthy on about the same dimensions and weight, and the basic hull is equally simple though she is more complex and expensive to outfit and rig."

In his manuscript on the free-form types Phil just added this on #371, 25'3"x7'0"x1'0"x 3800lbs Leeboard Cat-Yawl "Round Black Skimmer" (one sheet):

"A round bilge version of the very successful and popular "Black Skimmer" class sharpies, using the same sail plan, leeboards and other details. The shallow keel, which allows her to sail (though not well) in just over a foot of water, was extended to the rudder axis since the free form hull allowed deepening the hull there to spread out the displacement. Designed for strip construction but could be plywood lapstrake or cold-molded. Only one built as far as we know, in Argentina for use in the Plata estuary. Reported to be very satisfactory but no photos and not much detail supplied beyond a description of a good cruise over to Montevideo. She is unballasted beyond the light grounding shoe and has a limited range of stability though the high raised deck makes her quite forgiving in squally weather."

Verdict: A good looking conservative shape, a good sailer and as able as an unballasted boat can be. In hindsight, more ballast on a slightly deeper hull would have been a good investment, for greater peace of mind."

Interestingly at the waterline drawn, Phil notes 3800lbs displacement which suggests that if built to normal scantlings adding ballast in this hull in modest increments might still be an option to resolve some of these concerns, starting with a steel keel shoe

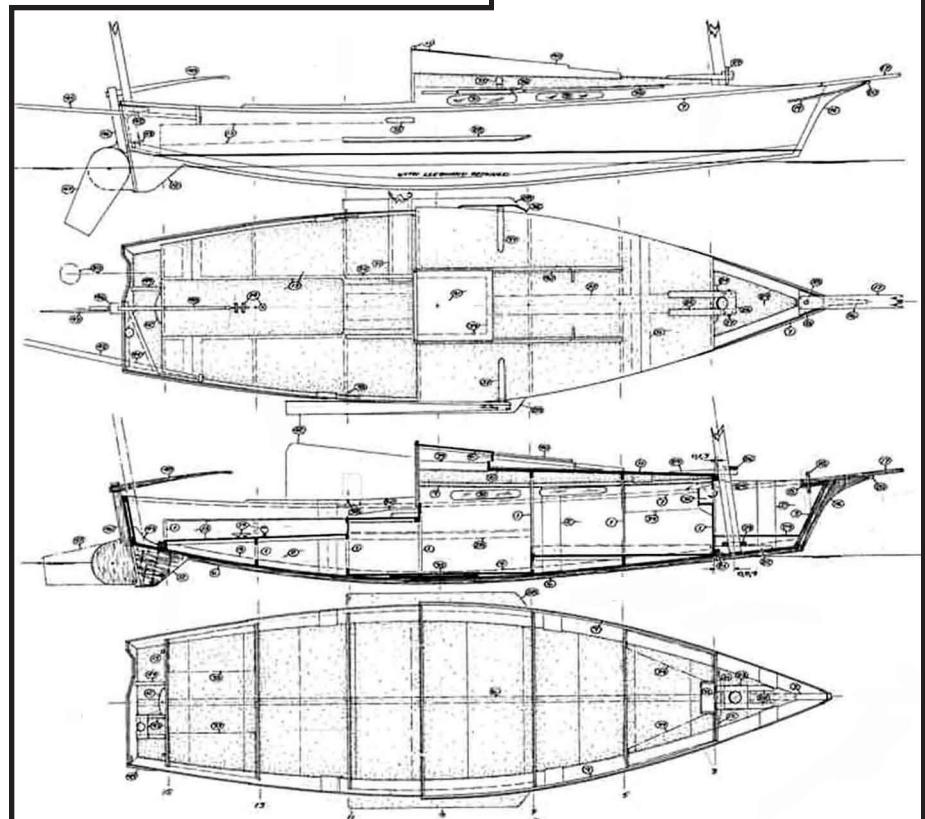
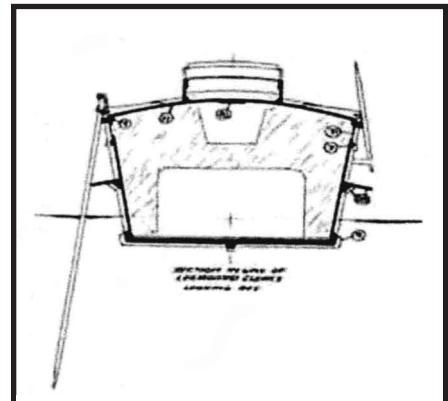


of 2"x2.75" of some 400lbs bolted to her lowest structural member 13" below waterline, plus perhaps waterbags to fill with seawater as cruising supplies and fresh water are consumed. And for more hard ballast, upon some further analysis if actually necessary, adding as many inches to her freeboard and cabin height on the shop floor as she would gain draft may offer no more serious penalties than a tiny immersed triangle of the transom, all at the same sleek looks. The rig, leeboards, etc, would be adapted from #294 including the option of tabernacled mainmast and a Solent Lug rig.

And that leaves the old question of which hull type might perform better? The free flow lines of #371 suggest much less drag than the hard chined #294. On the other hand, in very shallow water dictating leeboards almost fully up, chine sailing would allow a leeway intensive but predictable broad reaching course under sail. Without a chine and with just a shallow external keel, #371 likely could not hope to perform under sail in very shallow water at all beyond sliding downwind. And that is where the few production shallow draft designs tend to conceptually fall down, when their round shallow bellies pretty much only allow power-

ing through the shallows, assuming that the engine can put up with mud, sand, debris being pushed up by the sudden pressure of a hull just inches overhead...

Plans for #294 "Black Skimmer" are listed at US \$250 to build one boat, sent rolled in a tube. Plans for #294 and #371 together would be \$350, to the same terms. Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



Sometimes it seems as though I spend more time researching cost saving solutions and low cost repair alternatives than I do, well, repairing. And if that's the case, it's likely that I spend more time penny pinching than actually sailing my 24' Bristol Corsair. Because my partner, Elias, and I sail on a micro budget and try to sail a lot, the acrobatics of affordable cruising have proven a large part of my sailing experience. Nowhere has this been truer than in selecting which electronics we need and which gadgets we can do without.

Initially, we attempted to avoid the expense of a GPS and chart plotter by relying on good old fashioned seamanship. A pile of charts and a new compass would have to suffice, a copy of Bowditch aboard and the good sense to stay put when the conditions were poor for navigation. But we sail in Maine, where nearly every cruise encounters a dense shield of fog with a good kick of current, and while it is entirely possible to rely on dead reckoning, after our first few weeks of cruising I was thinking longingly of the chart plotters and GPS systems on display at the chandlery and in the cockpits of other boats.



And so we set about researching alternative options. It didn't take much web research to discover that NOAA navigational charts are available as free downloads from NOAA's website. These are digital images of electronic charts and are not intended to be printed. They are designed for use with chart plotter software. Anyone can access the US charts at <http://www.charts.noaa.gov/RNCs/RNCs.shtml>. We downloaded a collection of Maine charts onto my ancient Dell laptop computer and started searching for a way to actually use these new gems.

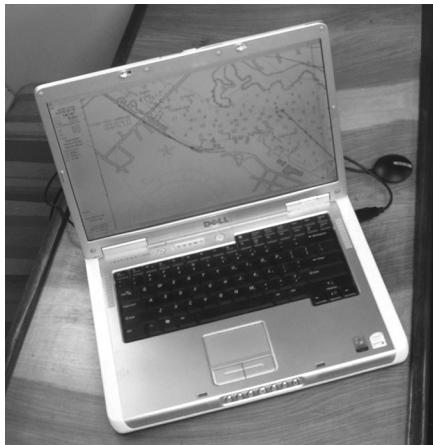
NOAA provides a substantial list of free chart plotter software compatible with raster navigational charts on its website. Two of the softwares they list, OpenCPN and SeaClear, are the most commonly reviewed by sailors on the internet. OpenCPN works with

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By Robin McCarthy

multiple computer platforms (Windows 98, 2000, XP, Vista, 7, Linux, BSD, Solaris, Mac OSX). SeaClear is for use only on PCs. Both are reviewed positively by online users for their efficacy as navigational software and ease of use.



We chose to use SeaClear, and found it simple to learn. It requires a little getting used to because it is operated using key-strokes rather than mouse controls. We keep a list of the most common commands (zooming in and out, tracking our course and updating charts) beside the computer when we are underway. Both SeaClear and OpenCPN will walk users through the installation process, including installing the NOAA charts.

Next we purchased a waterproof GPS receiver for a computer USB port. A number of online retailers sell USB GPS receivers and we found it simplest to purchase one for \$35 from Amazon.com. The actual GPS is a round black disc, about 2" in diameter, with a 5' cord. It plugs into our laptop's USB port

and has a red LED light to let us know that it is picking up a signal. SeaClear loads the free NOAA charts and lays the GPS signal on top of the charts, showing us our position on the chart underway. For a total investment of \$35, using our existing household laptop, we have a perfectly functional chart plotter.

Our Bristol 24 is small enough that we can run the laptop off the cabin's dining table and see it from the tiller in the cockpit. It's a bit tougher in foul weather, but if we remove one leeboard and slide the overhead hatch closed, we can still see the plotter and keep it (and the rest of the cabin) from becoming drenched. A non-skid placemat underneath the laptop keeps my smashed computer anxieties to a minimum, and in the worst conditions we have lashed the laptop to the table.

We spent another \$20 on a DC power cord for the computer so we could power it without running an inverter. Our electricity comes from two 40-watt solar panels and thus we can't always rely on the chart plotter. After a handful of days of fog, the batteries won't always have enough charge to power the laptop and we head back to paper charts until the sun shines again. Then again, after a string of thick fog and drizzle we're usually ready for a day ashore anyway.

We seldom run the plotter in clear weather, partly to conserve power and partly because we don't want to become dependent upon it. Although mid coast Maine's "Thread of Life" passage presented a clear weather day on which we were happy for a little GPS guidance, the plotter generally only comes out in limited visibility.

While paper charts are still an essential part of the process and ever present in our navigation, the chart plotter makes fog and darkness much easier to negotiate. We like to think we always know right where we are, with or without the plotter, but we still appreciate a little reassurance when visibility is poor.

Where to Find Them

Official raster navigation charts: www.charts.noaa.gov/RNCs/RNCs.shtml
Cost: Free

Chart plotter software: opencpn.org/drupal/ www.sping.com/seaclear/ <http://www.nauticalcharts.noaa.gov/mcd/Raster/index.htm#software>
Cost: Free

USB GPS Receiver: Online retailers, including: www.globalsat.com.tw, www.semsons.com, www.amazon.com
Cost: Varies, \$30-\$40



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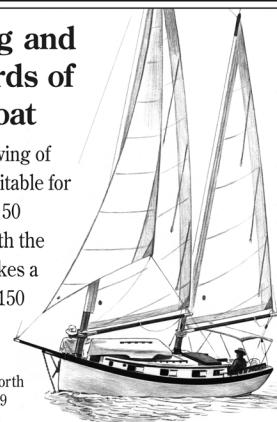
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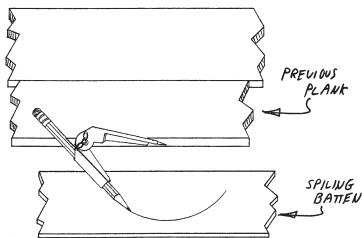
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Spiling is the process by which the boat builder gauges the shape of a plank or other curved hull part so when that information is transferred to a flat board, the resulting part will fit perfectly when installed on the boat. This technique eliminates tedious and time consuming cut-and-fit methods.

The spiling batten should be thin enough so it bends easily around the hull, and a little narrower than the plank being gauged, but at least 3" so it can't bend edgewise. If that happens, the resulting plank will not fit. It must follow the curves and twists of the plank, lying exactly as the plank will, with no edge set and no forcing. When spiling lapstrake planks, the batten needs to duplicate how the plank will lie, so it will have to either overlap the previous plank or use spacers to elevate the edge of the batten to the correct position.

The batten is wrapped around and tacked to the molds, with its edge near the previous plank or lap line. Mark the positions of the molds where they contact the batten. This is for establishing plank widths at those points and helping to align the finished plank. If there is considerable curve to the plank it may need a curved batten or a two-part batten with each half tacked independently to the molds. After marking, the two halves are joined with a plywood gusset screwed to both. Handle it with care to prevent any movement.



A complete guide to my style of boatbuilding, this comprehensive manual is aimed toward the non-professional builder, and details the construction methods and time and labor saving techniques I have developed over the years to simplify and enhance the building process. This book is the ideal companion to plans from Jordan Wood Boats.

Featuring

Large 8 1/2" x 11" format. 132 pages and 62 illustrations and tables. Price \$29.95 with US shipping included.

Contents

Choosing a Design; The Shop; Tools; Wood; Fasteners and Adhesives; The Layout; Jigs; Setting Up and Fairing; Lining Off and Spiling; Planking and Fitting Out; Finishing; Building Newt-A 12' Solo Canoe; Oars; Sails, Spars and Rigging; Motors; Safety; Glossary.

Reviews

Small Craft Advisor

Mr Jordan uses his hard earned experience and respect for tradition to teach the reader how and why to choose, start, finish, float and perhaps even love a well-built small boat. Fourteen information packed chapters cover from choosing a design and method through boating safety, all smartly done. This book's table of contents reads like the course outline of a traditional boat building school. I think Mr Jordan's sense of modesty has kept him from giving his book the more fitting title *Boatbuilding the Right Way*.

Rob Parish, *Small Craft Advisor*

Spiling

A Simple and Practical Method

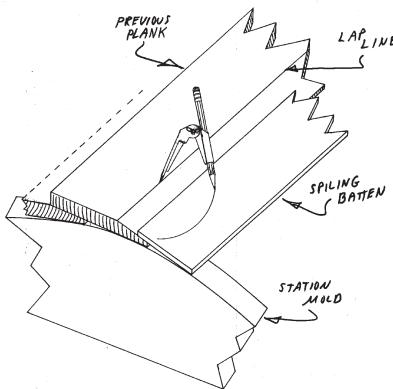
By Warren Jordan

Jordan Wood Boats

www.jordanwoodboats.com

The batten must fit close enough to the entire edge of the plank that a pencil compass will span the gap at any point. Set the span of the compass to a distance greater than the gap between any point on the previous plank or plank lap and the spiling batten. Important: Record this setting on the batten and check it often to make sure it hasn't changed due to dropping or bumping.

Now, with the compass point on the plank edge or the plank lap line of the previous plank (the keel rabbet in the case of the garboard), strike as many arcs along the batten as needed to depict the shape of the new plank. This is easy and fast and the more arcs,

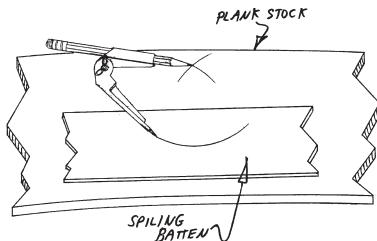


the greater the accuracy. Do the same at very close intervals with the stem rabbet, then mark where the plank crosses the aft edge of the transom.

Remove the spiling batten and place it on the planking stock, making sure it can't move. Now reverse the previous process. From two points on each arc (as far apart as possible) strike intersecting arcs onto the planking stock. The point where they intersect is the position of the original point on the boat and will be one of the points describing the shape of the new plank. When all the points have been transferred, spring a fairing batten through them to produce the shape of the bottom of the plank.

Find the top edge of the plank by measuring the width at each station mold and at the stem and transom. Transfer these measurements to the plank, draw a fair line through these points, which gives the complete outline of the plank. If fitting a plank or other part into a completely surrounded position, simply strike arcs from all sides to arrive at the shape required.

Note: Don't panic if you see some strange shapes come from your spiling batten. They are almost always the result of twists and bends of the hull that can't be visualized. Trust your spiling, it will pick up intricate shapes that can't be seen.

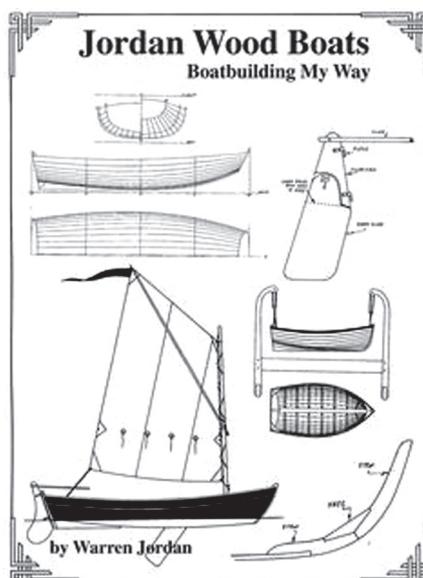


Jordan Wood Boats

Boatbuilding My Way

By Warren Jordan

Jordan Wood Boats



Messing About in Boats

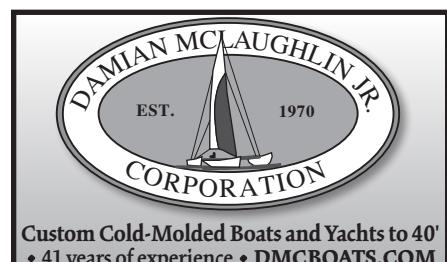
Jordan Wood Boats, Boatbuilding My Way contains procedures and tips for building small boats and would be especially use-

ful for the builder with limited experience. Going through the book, one finds it is similar to a home study course in boat building that can be taken, of course, at one's own pace. Discussion of the various segments of boat construction is sprinkled with Jordan's own personal experiences, which help to make the book more interesting to read.

Jordan's explanations of each building step are clear and concise. There are numerous sketches and tables with handy information. A formula is presented for determining oar length along with drawings for oars. Spar making and rigging of the sprit rig is covered in detail. Also, design and construction of Rudders, centerboards, leeboards and small outboard installation are covered. There is a discussion of boating safety with some good practical pointers.

I like the book and think that anyone interested in small boat construction would find it a handy reference.

Ron McIrvin, *Messing About in Boats*



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DINGHIES

A dinghy should have flat floors, a hard bilge and not too high sides. Fig. 26 shows a design by Mr. Anderson of Penarth, which is the best we have seen for general use.

Pram dinghies are cheaper to build, tow well, but are bad to row against the wind, and are apt to be unstable. We prefer the ordinary type, but it is largely a matter of taste. For materials see article on timber.

We have found the Berthon type of folding boat quite satisfactory where a built dinghy cannot be carried on deck.

If you have to tow a dinghy, fit a ring low down on the stem, but it is worth almost any sacrifice to carry it on deck. When close-hauled, tow it fairly close up to the stern, but when running in a sea it must be veered sufficiently far away so that it does not run up on to the yacht. Remember to put the oars aboard the yacht or to lash them.

The bother of a dinghy bumping alongside can sometimes be cured by securing a bucket to the bows, not to the stern. Where a spinnaker boom is carried as recommended on p. 47, it is very little trouble to lower it down and secure the dinghy to its end.

The best fender for a dinghy's side is a 3-in. grass (coir) rope secured by thin copper wire through holes pierced in the gunwale.

There are various fabric dinghies on the market.

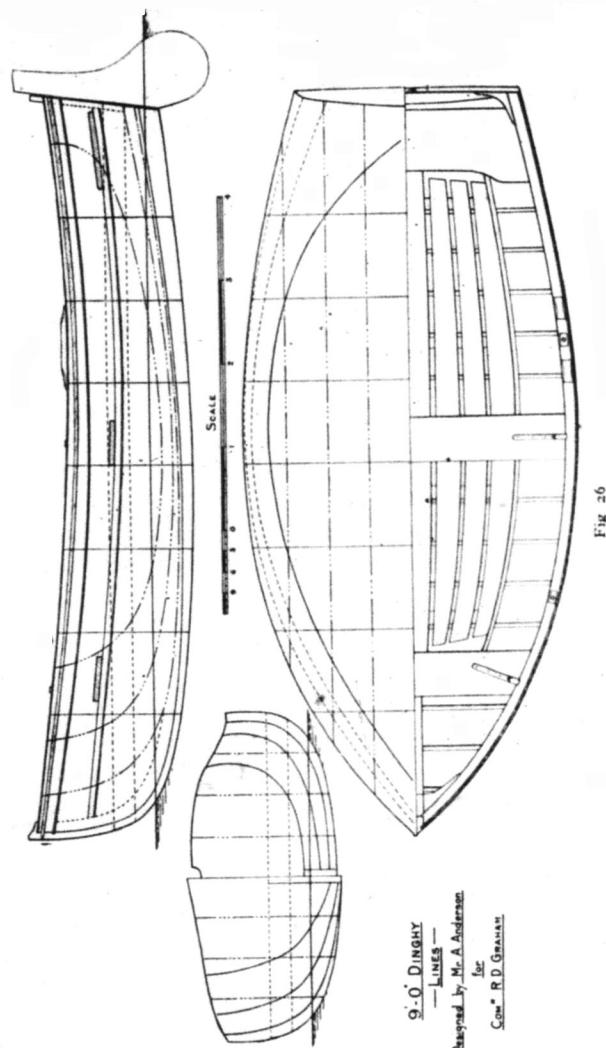
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COMPASS

The best compass in our opinion is the Dead Beat pattern made by Messrs. Hughes, Fenchurch St., London. The 6-in. bowl size is the most suitable. If this is too expensive any ordinary liquid compass will serve.

We have never found any binnacle lamp that did not blow out. If possible, place your compass inside the cabin or under the bridge deck, so that it can be viewed through a glass window from the cockpit. Electric lighting from a small dry battery is convenient, but if the binnacle is exposed to spray the wires will corrode and be constantly giving trouble.

If your ship is fitted with electric light an efficient watertight plug may solve the difficulty, but we prefer the inside compass where possible.



Yachting Monthly, July, 1936, gives a useful article on binnacle lighting.

A compass fairly low down in the ship is likely to have a large error (deviation) due to the proximity of the engine, water tank or other iron. It may not be possible to correct a compass satisfactorily without a full-sized binnacle with places for magnets, iron rods and spheres, and which is quite out of the question in a small yacht, but it may be possible to improve your compass by fixing magnets near it as described later.

If extended cruising is intended we recommend carrying two compasses, one for steering where it can be best lit, and seen from the cockpit, and another as a standard compass on the top of the cabin. The centre of the sliding hatch makes a good place. This will give you a good all round view, so that it is possible to take bearings. A compass so situated is not likely to have any deviation. It is not essential that it should be lit, as a hand torch can be used for taking bearings and for comparison with the steering compass.

A shadow pin is useful for taking bearings. This is a vertical pin with an enlarged base which is inserted in a small hole in the centre of the glass. It is lifted off when not in use.

You can make one with a piece of brass wire and a lump of plasticine.

The alternative to a fixed standard compass is the Hand Bearing Compass. This is a recent introduction. The authors have had experience of this instrument and can recommend it strongly. Reasonably accurate bearings can be obtained in a moderate sea.

It can be used high above the deck where it will be free from deviation, or from the companionway where you may escape spray, or even from aloft. It has a self-contained battery and bulb for lighting. For checking courses its box can have either a temporary or permanent place on deck.

It is quite easy to find the deviation of your compass if you can take bearings from it. In harbour lay off the magnetic bearing of some object at least two miles away. If your chart is over ten years old allow for a possible change of variation. As the yacht swings with the tide observe the bearing of the object and compare it with the bearing from the chart, noting of course the direction of the ship's head. Every two points is best but every four points will serve. Draw diagrams like this if you get muddled.

Example.

The correct magnetic bearing of an object is, say, N. 60° E. The bearing by your compass is N. 50° E. Therefore the North end of the needle of your compass is deflected 10° to the East or has a deviation of 10° E.

If the north end of the compass is deflected to the east, the deviation is called easterly, if to the west, westerly. When laying off a course (or bearing) on the chart, apply

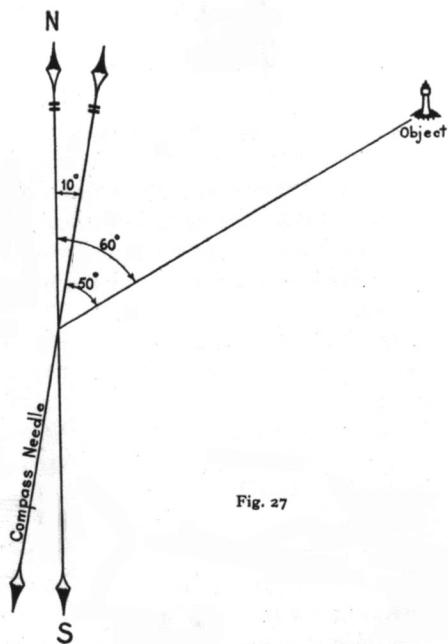


Fig. 27

easterly deviation in a clockwise direction and westerly deviation in an anticlockwise one. When taking off a course to steer from the chart you must obviously apply the deviation the opposite way to get the actual compass course to steer.

At sea it is convenient to lay off the bearing of two objects in line and then sail across this transit on various courses.

If your compass has a large deviation you may be able to improve it by fixing magnets near it. This is particularly the case when the deviation on N. is equal and opposite to the deviation on S. and the deviation on E. equal and opposite to the deviation on W. Get a magnet with lugs for fixing from a marine optician. Perhaps he will let you have several on approval; if not try a 12-in. one first. Keep the ship heading east or west and hold the magnet in a fore-and-aft direction with its centre abreast the compass. Move the magnet up or down or athwartships, keeping it more or less underneath the compass until the compass shows the correct bearing of some distant object. Then fix it in that position. The red end of the magnet repels the north point of the compass and the blue end attracts it so that it is easy to see which way round to hold the magnet. The magnet should be at least twice its own length from the compass and as nearly as possible vertically below it. Then perform a similar operation with the ship heading north or south and a magnet held athwartships and its centre in the same fore-and-aft line as the compass.

There is no possible danger of harming the compass by trying to correct it.

When a ship heels, the deviation may vary. In a well placed standard compass this is not likely to happen, but a steering compass may have a large heeling error. It will probably be a maximum on north and south and nothing on east or west. It can only be wholly corrected by vertical magnets which are not practicable in a small yacht. In a new ship it is worth while to check the compass by transits when sailing at an angle.

Ballast and keel are unlikely to cause deviation.

The difficulty of correcting a compass in a yacht is a serious disadvantage to the use of steel in building.

If your compass has a bubble, turn it upside down and you will find a screw plug for filling it up. You can use ordinary water; distilled water is better, and gin best of all. If you use a lot of water the compass might freeze in frosty weather or possibly may float off the cap.

If you put a new compass in the place of an old one it will have the same deviation.

XXI

CHARTS AND SAILING DIRECTIONS

You will probably not—as you should—keep your charts regularly corrected from the notices issued free by the Board of Trade, and obtainable from the Customs.

A rocky shore does not alter, mud generally alters only slightly, but sand is all over the place. If using an old chart, verify buoys and lights from your almanac. On very old charts the variation may be $\frac{1}{2}$ point out.

Do not keep your charts rolled up, but spread them out flat, and fold to a convenient size; of course this is not good for them, but it is better than wrestling with a chart which springs up into a roll, and which will have to be folded anyway when you use it.

Do, please do, arrange your charts in geographical order, number them in pencil, and make a list of them. If you have a lot it is convenient to divide them into geographical groups,

giving each group a letter, and running the numbers consecutively in each group.

American charts are issued for the whole world (including the British Isles) and cost from one-half to one-third the price of Admiralty charts. Write to U.S. Hydrographic Office, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., for a free catalogue. Charts of U.S. waters from the U.S. Coast Survey.

The U.S. Hydrographic Office will also supply free to ships undertaking to supply hydrographic information (otherwise at a cost of a few cents) monthly pilot charts for the various oceans; similar Admiralty publications cost several pounds.

It is best, of course, to have a complete set of the charts for the coast where you intend to cruise, but this may cost too much. Messrs. Potter, 145 Minories, E. 1, will forward a catalogue. If your coast chart is on a scale of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to a mile, it will usually serve to get you into harbour, but may not provide sufficient detail to keep you from grounding inside. Where your coast chart is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the mile you can probably do without harbour plans; it depends, of course, to some extent on the intricacy of the coast.

For the south coast and Thames Estuary there is the "Y" series of yachtsman's charts of a standard convenient size, and which appear considerably cheaper than Admiralty charts.

The date to which a chart is corrected is given in the lower left-hand corner.

The Admiralty Sailing Directions are written for big ships and are only better than nothing. The warnings which they contain often do not apply to small ships. Of much more use are the various yachting pilots (see list of books in catalogue of Pascall Atkey & Son, Cowes, I. of W.) or the handbooks of the Cruising Association, The Clyde Cruising Club or the Irish Cruising Club. If you are going abroad, the U.S. Pilots are fairly cheap.

Swedish Harbours and German, North Sea and Baltic Harbours compiled in English by the Norddeutsche Regatta-verein, might possibly be obtained from a nautical bookseller.

Reed's *Nautical Almanac* is best for home and adjacent continental waters; Brown's is best if you mean to take sights or to go farther afield.

XXII

NAVIGATION

The best book on navigation for yachtsmen is Worth's *Yacht Navigation and Voyaging*. There are cheaper books which, no doubt, are adequate.

The reader is presumably acquainted with the way to lay off a course and measure a distance. (Do not use the scale of longitude at the bottom of the chart.)

Yachtsmen do not always avail themselves of that useful and elementary device of a clearing or danger bearing. Lay off the bearing of the danger from some well defined object; if you are on one side of the bearing you are safe; we should generally allow about one point to spare according to the steadiness and accuracy of the compass.

When laying off a course to steer we generally work to the nearest whole point: there is less likelihood of error, it is easier to steer and there is no appreciable loss of ground in steering half a point to one side of the direct course.

In thick weather when approaching a danger marked by a line of buoys, you can sometimes stand on in confidence if you can arrange your line of approach at an angle to the danger. Suppose in fig. 28 the buoys are two miles apart and the visibility $\frac{1}{4}$ mile; if you approach at right angles and happen to hit the middle point between the buoys you might miss them; if you approach, say, at an angle of 35 degrees you are bound to sight one of them; examine the chart with discretion.

The four-point bearing is useful and simple; note the

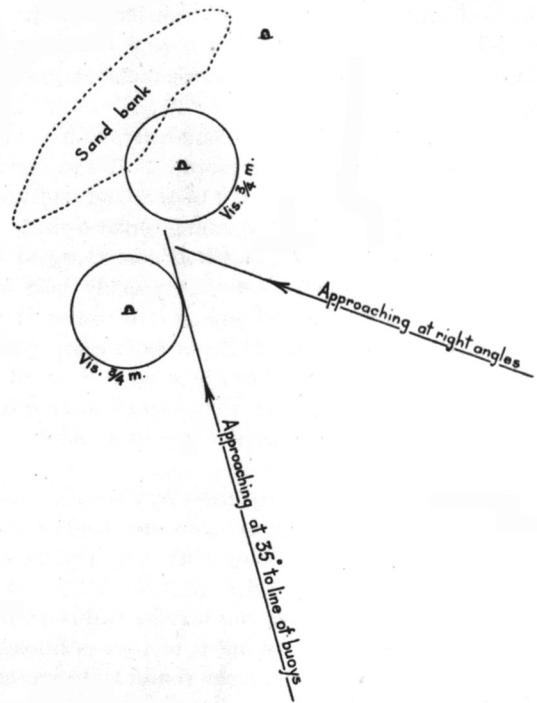


Fig. 28

log or time when an object is four points on the bow, and again when abeam; the distance off, when abeam, is equal to the run (allowing for tide) in the interval.

Rather than rely on cross bearings when one object is distant we would prefer to take the bearing of the nearby object and estimate the distance by eye (see p. 115); very occasionally a sounding will give a good estimate of the distance.

When making a light at night a surprisingly accurate estimate of its distance may be found from its height (p. 114).

You will generally sight lights at 2 to 3 miles less than the distances given on the chart, since these are made out for a height of 15 ft.

Fog or mist may come on very suddenly, so it is always well to keep track of the ship's position. If you have not done so, get a bearing of some part of the land and make a guess at its distance before everything shuts down; your fix may not be very accurate, but it is something to work from, and you can probably estimate roughly how much

it is likely to be out. Make some sort of guess at your position anyway and run your D.R. on from that; you will then not feel quite so lost as if you kept no D.R. at all.

Leeway need only be allowed for when close-hauled, say $\frac{1}{2}$ point under good conditions and up to 1 point in bad weather.

Walker's Excelsior Yacht Log gives very accurate results. Courses steered are more accurate than one would suppose, the errors on each side cancelling out; you generally find you are to windward of the D.R.

At the end of a 24-hour run you may be within 10 miles, and probably will be within 15 miles, of your position.

In a flat calm and a thick fog, when you hear the increasing roar of a siren it is comforting to remember that your ship is a very small mark to hit; but it is better to get inshore and anchor if you can.

Your table is not likely to be flat enough for rolling parallel rulers, so use the sliding ones; if you can afford it, buy Luard's patent which slides in all directions. Any cheap pair of dividers will serve.

You can run across the Channel or the southern part of the North Sea quite well on dead reckoning. For more ambitious passages you should learn astronomical navigation. The bookwork part is quite easy, entails nothing beyond simple addition and subtraction, and can be learned—after a fashion—in a few days. The use of a sextant needs considerable practice. The gear required is a sextant, chronometer watch, or wireless set, nautical almanac and nautical tables. The cheapest sextant you can buy will be quite good enough. Messrs. Hughes, Fenchurch St., supply a mate's sextant, or you can buy a secondhand one.

To encourage you by its simplicity here is a sight for latitude; the altitude is obtained by watching the sun around noon for its maximum (meridian altitude); declination is

a thing you find from the almanac. In practice you need only write the figures.

Observed meridian altitude	65°	6'
Add correction	13.4'	
Subtract from 90°	65°	19.4'
Add declination	24°	40.6'
Observe latitude	22°	4.4'
	46°	45' North.

The sight for longitude is a little more complicated and takes about 5 minutes to work out.

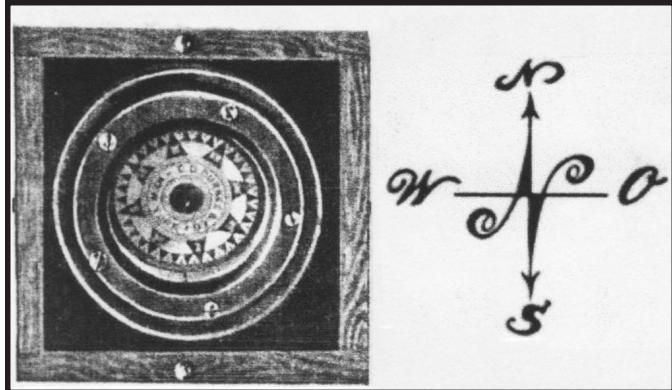
The following remarks are for those who are learning: In fine weather use a star telescope; in moderate weather no telescope at all. The sun's semi-diameter is about 16'. Remembering what this angle looks like you may be able to estimate what your error of observation is likely to be when the horizon is poor. Some time when the sun is on the meridian during fine weather, after reading off after the sextant by 5' and see what this error looks like. The sun will be very noticeably out of the horizon.

In a swell you are very likely to mistake the top of a nearby wave for the horizon.

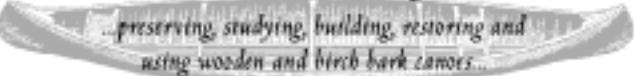
There are various ways, all equally good, of working out a sight. We prefer the old-fashioned "Longitude by Chronometer" method as it involves less plotting. If there is only one person navigating it is a good plan to rework the sight by one of the "New Navigation" methods.

Neatness and a standard way of setting out the work make for accuracy; common errors are reading off a wrong degree, declination for a wrong day and applied the wrong way, and taking off the wrong D.R.

Do not buy expensive and bulky azimuth tables; Weir's Azimuth diagram from Messrs. Potter is just as good.



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Most of the single sail dinghies will go "into irons" if not careful when tacking or pinching too close to the wind. The standard response is to push the sail out to the side, push the tiller the other way and back the boat out of the situation. At a yacht club social, a discussion started on getting a Puffin (catboat rig) out of "irons." The next day I pulled out my copy of *The Catboat and How to Sail Her*, published by the Catboat Association. There is a small section in the publication on what to do if the boat loses steerage-way while tacking.

1) Raise the centerboard. 2) Push the boom to the side for the new tack. 3) As the boat backs, put the helm over to the same side as the boom. 4) When the bow falls off sheet in, bring the rudder amidships and lower the centerboard.

The Puffin has a daggerboard, which may get in the way of the boom once the bow falls off and the sail starts to fill. However, the discussion that followed, when I sent out the information to the group involved, was on the term "put the helm over to the same side as the boom." The explanation was written for catboats with wheels and not for smaller boats with tillers. Those of us who sail a small boat with a tiller know that the tiller is pushed away from the direction of the turn as there is a direct relationship between the tiller and the rudder. On larger boats, which may have steering wheels, the wheel is turned in the direction of the turn.

This was not always the case. The conversion from tiller to wheel steering took place as boats became bigger and the forces involved in steering the boat increased. For a long time the ship's wheel was turned away from the direction of the turn because of the arrangement of the lines connecting the wheel to the tiller stub on the rudder. After a number of years of confusion and a few collisions, "direct steering" was implemented on most ships. That is, the person at the helm

Many years ago I had the good luck of meeting the late Phil Bolger. I was at that time working for a company, just formed, to produce a lovely little pocket cruising sailboat. Phil was a friend of the company's owners Mait Edey and Peter Duff and was supporting their efforts. Phil mentioned that he had a 33' cat-yawl sharpie that was for sale. I made an offer and soon traveled to Gloucester to pick up my "YACHT". A very nice surprise awaited my arrival, for I had not actually read the printed advertisement for this boat, I was informed that 15'6" rowing dory was part of the deal. I had some good times with *Pointer*, the sharpie, but the real treasure was the Gloucester Gull Dory.

My ignorance of the attributes of that little craft was soon dissipated. It got me out to my mooring, of course, but so much more. It towed well behind *Pointer* on cruises and took me on sunrise meanders through Cape Cod harbors while the family was still sleeping. It took me into the blustery waters of

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

turned the wheel in the direction the boat was supposed to go. After some additional problems with some boats being operated the "old" way and some the "new" way, the US adopted direct steering rules in 1935.

One of the members of the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club has a daughter who sails on the *Bounty*. The program one month was on a trip on the *Bounty* and what goes into operating a "tall ship." This program led to a discussion as to the types of tall ships in terms of mast placement and sail rig. As with most sailing vessels, the hull can be of a given shape and the rig determines the type of boat. Most of us know that a cutter has its mainmast just forward of the amidships point of the hull while a sloop has the mast further forward. The difference between a ketch and a yawl is the placement of the mizzenmast relative to the rudder post.

The same type of mast placement (and sail rig) determines a tall ship's type. A full-rigged ship has three masts with a "spanker" off the aft mast to provide balance and assist in tacking the vessel. A barque has three masts but the mizzen has a spanker and a triangular topsail. A brig has two masts and the spanker. And so it goes. For a brief discussion of the types of ships and a silhouette of each, find a copy of *Sea History*, issue #138 and turn to page 32.

The other day I received notice from my broker that there was a person interested in looking at our Sisu 26 in the next week or so. I had all the race committee gear on the boat as well as part of the interior disassembled for some repair work. Step one was to put the boat back together and step two was to get all

the stuff not going with the boat unloaded as I doubted that anyone would want the spare anchors, race floats, lines, horns, etc that are carried on a race committee boat.

While unloading the race committee items I came across some stuff I did not realize was still on the boat. I purchased the parachute flares and a launcher sometime in the 1980s (expiration date was 1985) and they have been setting in a container ever since. The container simply has been moved from boat to boat over the years. This time they are going to hazardous waste people along with a meteor flare gun set purchased in the late 1970s (expiration date on the flares, 1981).

The people interested in the Sisu 26 showed up and we got ready to go out for a short trip. However, the dock test failed and we did not make the trip. The dock test is, before leaving the dock, start the engine and while it's idling, put the gearshift into forward for a minute, back to neutral and into reverse. If the engine keeps running and there are no "thump thump" noises, cast off the lines and go forth. It is better to find out about a propulsion problem while still secured to the dock. A diver said there was nothing wrong underwater, so the transmission will need to be "looked into."

A few issues back, I wrote that my skiff would soon be finished. Then came a month of bad weather for gluing or outside painting. Finally, all was completed, the primer coat brushed on and it was time for the "float test." My wife and I put the boat in the swimming pool and gave it an hour. There was water in the boat! We pulled the boat out and let it dry. Once I had re-done the area where the leak seemed to be and re-primed the hull, we tried again. This time, no water in the boat. The second primer coat has been applied inside and out and I have started putting on the finish paint coats. Of course, I still need to build my push pole. But, progress on my "winter project" is being made.

Rowboats

By Damian McLaughlin
damian.j.mclaughlin@gmail.com

Buzzards Bay off Scraggy Neck where I found it had some nice surfing ability. Blue fishing outside Meganett harbor was great because I didn't need a gaff for I could simply roll the rail down to the water and pull the fish over the side. After our kids became accomplished swimmers they would like to get into the dory when we were sailing along and play the game of weight shift just at the last moment to avoid a collision when surfing along with the following seas. Blah, blah, blah, the point is this is a terrific little boat and I'm still enjoying it after 43 years.



Speaking of points, the reason for this little ramble is that there are a lot of good rowing boats. However, it seems that they are being ignored because of the advent of the inflatable cow with outboard. These noisy, smelly creations are taking over and I suspect it is because today's yachtsmen and women just do not know what they are missing. The

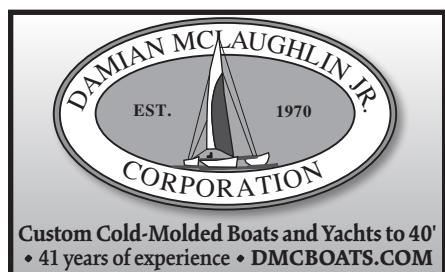
quiet non-polluting feel of the sailing yacht is abandoned once the boat is at anchor or back on the mooring. Another aspect of the rowing boat is the exercise.

One thing that the Gull is not well suited for is sailing. Now, if I add sailing to the qualities mentioned above (not the cow) what a combination. Years ago a customer wanted a small boat that fit the three criteria and we decided on a 11'6" Herreshoff design called a Columbia Tender. This design is light enough to tow behind a medium-sized sailboat, it rows very well even with a heavy load and is a delightful little daysailer.

My suggestion, in all this reminiscing, is that before going out blindly buying a rub-



berdub give this old fashioned idea a try. It will take some time and effort to make the selection but with result with a whole new and pleasant experience. Because these boats are fun and easy to handle, the generations to come will appreciate having the experiences as well.



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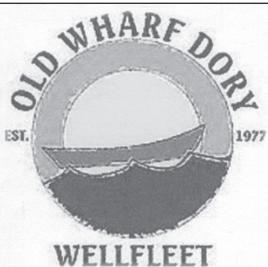


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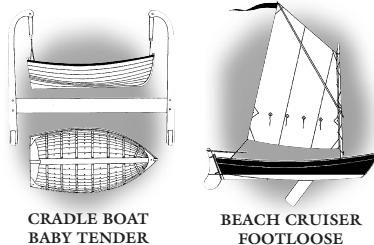
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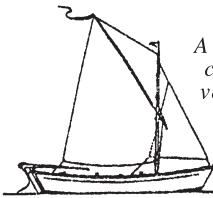


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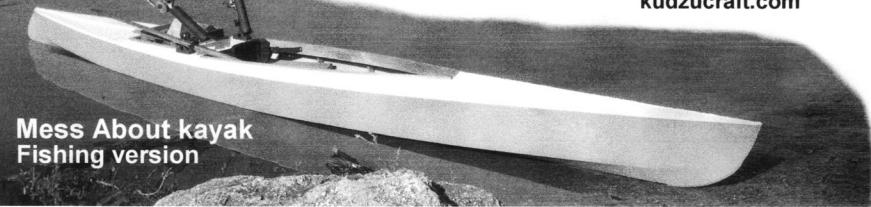
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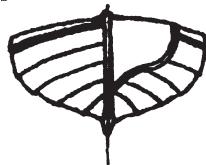
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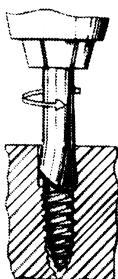
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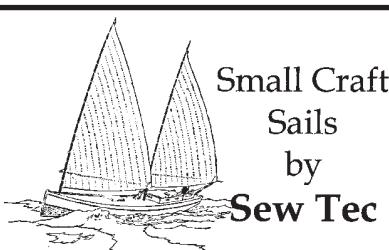
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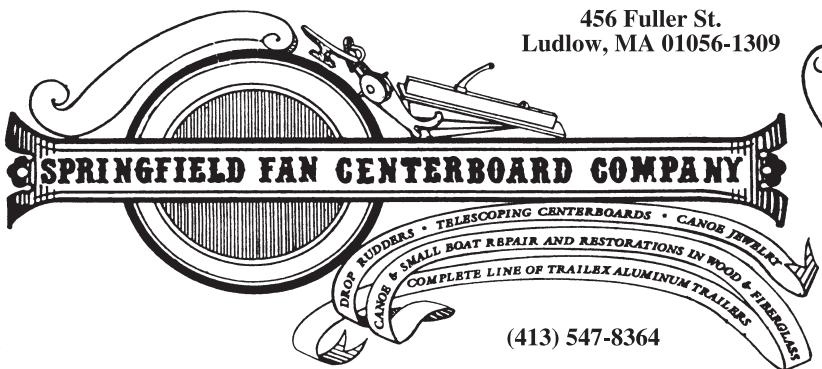
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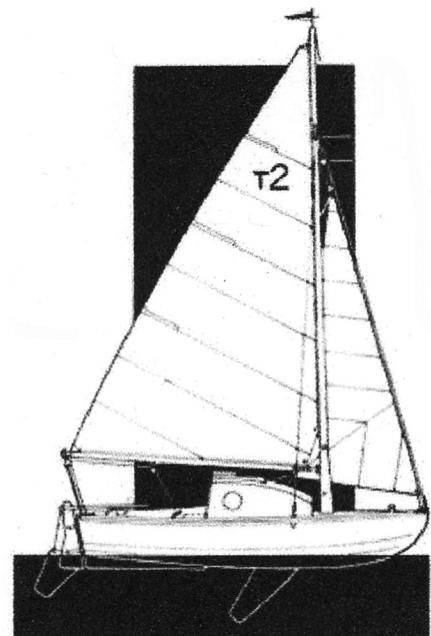
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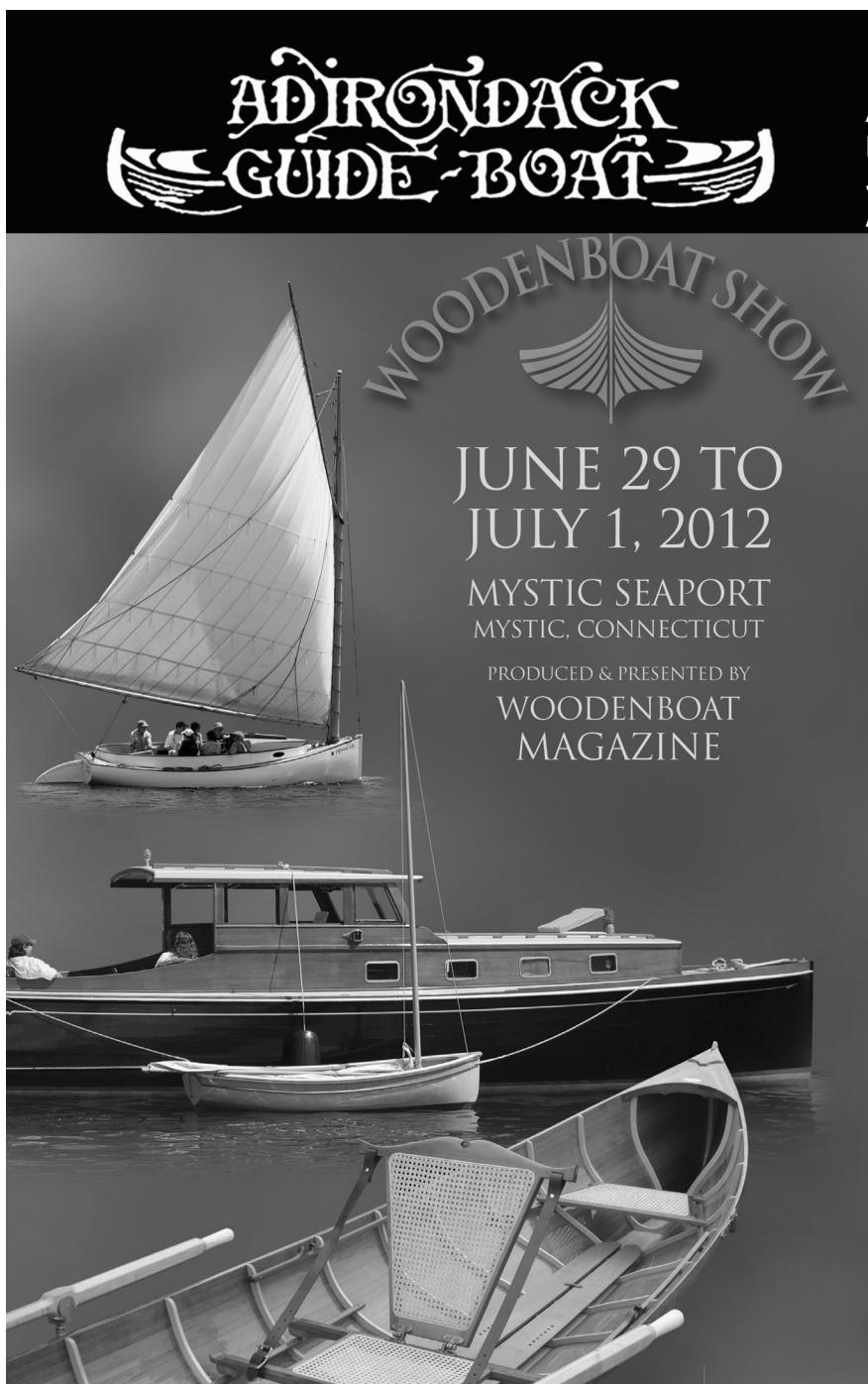
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